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THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE RIVIERA: HER MAJESTY'S DEPARTURE FROM NICE RAILWAY STATION FOR CIMIEZ.

Drawn by A. Forestier.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

There seems no valid reason why our Colonial Empire should not have its symbols on the Royal Standard. That august piece of bunting is so invidious in its representation of the Queen's dominions that it does not even include Wales. The champions of the Principality claim a priority which is disputed on behalf of the Colonies on the ground that, like Scotland and Ireland, they are territories added to the Crown, whereas Wales has always been a part of England. Shade of Llewellyn! This cool denial of Welsh nationality ought to rouse the angry echoes of Plinlimmon. Is there no Welsh party in the House of Commons? Do not the Welsh people, or a great many of them, still speak the tongue of Glendower? Is the heir to the Throne Prince of Canada or Australia, or is he Prince of Wales? It is a pity that there should be any bickerings between Wales and the Colonies on this subject, for the Royal Standard might be enlarged to embrace them all. But here comes in the peculiar conservatism of the British mind. It would be easier to pull the whole Constitution to pieces than to abolish evening dress for ladies at a Drawing-Room, and knee-breeches and the cocked hat at a Levée. It would be easier to reform this costume than to meddle with the Royal Standard. Loyal sentiment and statesmanlike argument may achieve much; but they are not likely to make Welsh and Colonial emblems flutter from the flagstaff on Windsor Castle.

Why are Frenchmen so unwilling to quit their native country and spread themselves as pioneers over unoccupied parts of the earth, like the English? A French writer mournfully confesses that it is the fault of the French mothers. They are adorable women; they inspire the lifelong attachment of their children; nowhere, indeed, are the ties of family affection so strong as in France. But the heart's desire of a French mother is to keep her offspring under her wing. The ambition of her sons is restricted by this nurture. They have none of the hardy initiative which carries English boys all over the globe. So intensely local is the parental idea that migration from one part of France to another is as grievous a hardship as emigration to Tonkin or Tunis. When a Frenchman marries, his natural disinclination to travel is intensified by the resolve of his wife's parents that she shall not pass out of their daily sight. The narrowness of the maternal devotion is curiously illustrated by the story of a woman who lived among her children at Batignolles, never visited a theatre, never read a newspaper, never stirred out of the quarter, and clamoured to Heaven against the terrible misfortune which fell upon her when her husband proposed to move the family into the next *arrondissement*. English prejudice is fond of attributing to the French a lack of moral fibre; but it is the very ardour of the domestic virtues which disqualifies most Frenchmen for the labours of colonisation.

Some adventurous women are urging the railway companies to provide separate smoking-carriages for ladies. It is not enough for lovely woman to snatch the joys of tobacco in private. That is to acknowledge that she is doing something she ought to be ashamed of. No; she must pledge herself to smoke in public; and what more emphatic advertisement of her resolution than a smoking-carriage of her own? How exhilarating to say to the asthmatic old gentleman who has stumbled into the train in a great hurry, "I don't know whether you are aware, Sir, that this is a smoking compartment"! Ages of feminine servitude will be avenged when the decrepit representative of masculine authority feebly murmurs "Bless my soul!" as every woman in the compartment produces her cigar-case. But why are not women content to avail themselves of the existing arrangements for travellers who smoke? There is a story of an old lady who entered a smoking compartment, to the distress of the other occupants. They dropped their cigars and cigarettes, thinking she had made a mistake, and unwilling to give pain to a simple-minded dame who produced a thimble from her reticule as if about to engage in placid sewing. But the thimble was followed by a pipe and a tobacco-pouch; and the old lady filled the pipe, using the thimble to press the tobacco down, and proceeded to smoke with great relish and composure. If the ladies who are pledging themselves to smoke in public were to adopt this plan they would discomfit selfish man in the very sanctuary of his most hateful monopoly.

There is an inkling of this in "The War of the Wenuses," that diverting parody of Mr. H. G. Wells's brilliant romance, "The War of the Worlds." The Wenuses make the journey from their own planet to ours in crinolines; they reduce nearly all male observers to pulp with the "Mash-Glance," an optical weapon of frightful potency; and they rout an army of indignant women by blowing the smoke of "crimson cigarettes" in their faces. These cigarettes are composed of Red Weed, from the tobacco plantations of Venus, and lighted without the use of matches: "The external ends suddenly ignited as though by spontaneous combustion, but in reality that result was effected by the simple process of deflecting the optic ray." What a triumph for women who are pledged to smoke in public, if they could procure tobacco as strong as this, light it with a flash of the eye, and asphyxiate the

tyrant man in his own smoking-carriage! If some woman of genius would apply her mind and energies to this, the Red Weed might be grown in kitchen gardens.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson, who is playing Hamlet in Germany, has discovered that Shakspeare is a German author. The critics have judged his performance not only from the standpoint of German dramatic art, but also through the refined and lucid medium of the German language. Shakspeare in English is unsatisfactory to German ears accustomed to his wood-notes wild in their native Teutonic. It is, perhaps, the most singular delusion of English egotism to suppose that Shakspeare was an Englishman, whereas it is well known to all educated Germans that he was born at Potsdam, and that his dramas, which are occasionally seen on the London stage, are played in a corrupt English translation. To steal Shakspeare from Germany, invent the legend about his birth and death at Stratford-on-Avon, and make generations of foolish Englishmen believe that he is the pride of their own literature—this is the consummation of our national arrogance. By this time Mr. Forbes-Robertson, who appears to have accepted the English tradition of Shakspeare in good faith, is a sadder and a wiser man. The English Shakspeare, indeed! Flat burglary as ever was committed! Besides, Mr. Forbes-Robertson has but to dip into Schlegel to see that German is the only tongue in which men of transcendent genius and poetic magic can possibly be inspired. There is but one reparation to be made. Mr. Forbes-Robertson must remain in Germany until he has mastered Hamlet in the accents of Berlin. Then he must return home and apply this new illumination to the dense British mind. He may not succeed, but he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has atoned for a great national imposture.

How can it be said that we are a nation of shopkeepers when you consider the romantic impetuosity with which even Scots will plunge into a commercial speculation? Remarkable stories are told of the applications for shares in a company for the purveying of groceries on a gigantic scale. It was not the love of gain that fired the imagination of a Scottish gentleman who sent two hundred pounds in bank-notes through the Post-Office. In any ordinary transaction he would as soon have thought of posting bank-notes in an envelope as of carrying all his siller through the town on a tea-tray. But the thought of joining in so grand a scheme for spreading the balm of tea and bacon through the homes of the million possessed his soul like a magic spell. The wonder is that in this ecstasy he did not put his bank-notes on the telegraph-wires. National caution was for the while extinct, and the proverbial wisdom of "saxpence" was no more. To the same moral uplifting may be traced the strange procedure of the thrifty Englishman who sent a postal order without mentioning his name and address. Who would attribute to him a mere love of dress? It was the zeal of the spirit, not of the pocket, which made the postal order anonymous—a kind of sublime intoxication of the moral faculty. Tea, it is said, cheers but does not inebriate, a sentiment which will have to be revised in view of the stimulating effect of the tea which has been turned into a company!

The performance at Drury Lane for the benefit of Miss Nellie Farren evoked a remarkable expression of sentiment from middle-aged London. Mature citizens sat in corners of the club, free for awhile from the anxieties of the Far East and a sensitive Stock Exchange, and told stories of the distant time when to see Miss Farren as Aladdin was to crown the joys of a well-spent day. A certain classic note distinguished the conversation. It recalled the novels of Thackeray, in which middle-aged gentlemen are fond of remembering how they used to go to the pit as boys, to applaud the comedian of the hour, or to watch with breathless rapture the pirouetting of Fanny Elssler. The peculiar charm of Miss Farren for her generation was her unrivalled expression of indomitable Cockneydom. She was the counterpart on the stage of Sam Weller in fiction. The *gaminerie* of London was in her eyes, her voice, in every trick and gesture; and the thought that she can dance and sing no more, but is the victim of poverty and illness, has made sympathy in the Londoner almost a civic duty.

WHIPPING-BOYS.

When Dr. Markham asked George III. how he wished his sons educated, "Like the sons of any private English gentleman," his Majesty replied. "If they deserve it, let them be flogged; do as you used to do at Westminster." So painful a doctrine would have been accounted little less than high treason by the Tudors and Plantagenets. Their persons were sacred from the rod. The Lord's Anointed, they held, might not be chastised; and when kings thought so, it was easy for courtiers to devise some roundabout way of expiating princely faults. Unfortunately, we do not know who was the clever casuist who "invented" the whipping-boy. The idea of flogging one lad for another's delinquencies is so delightfully quaint that it probably originated with some learned divine of the Middle Ages,

when divines—if they had the entry to the Court—were fond of drawing ridiculous and rather blasphemous parallels between the two objects of their allegiance. It is possible, however, that in England the whipping-boy was merely an adaptation. He certainly had a counterpart in foreign countries; and to this day the Civil List of China is swelled by a scapegoat who is duly whacked when his master the Prince is lazy.

Whipping-boys being as much a matter of course in their days as cooks or maids-of-honour, and quite unworthy the attention of historians, it is difficult to get information about them. It seems, however, that they were usually of good birth, and no doubt parents looked out eagerly for vacancies. Indeed, apart from the one drawback, the post of whipping-boy was a very desirable one. He was not so much a servant as a companion to the Prince; he was about the same age; he studied the same lessons and under the same tutors; and if the Prince was diligent, as sometimes happened, the whippings might be few or not at all. Then, if the friendship lasted, there was always patronage and preferment for the junior partner. A knighthood consoled Barnaby Fitzpatrick for his unmerited tinglyings as the substitute of Edward VI.

This Barnaby is probably the greatest of all whipping-boys. He was the son and heir of the Lord of Upper Ossory, in Ireland, and was sent to the English Court as a pledge of his father's loyalty. There he became, as Fuller quaintly puts it, Prince Edward's "proxy for correction." His duties in that respect must have been light, if all is true that is reported of Edward's studiousness. Moreover, so fast was the friendship between the boys that, though he was not allowed to bear his own faults, the Prince insisted on bearing Barnaby's. The one was beaten when the other transgressed, and *vice versa*—a most equitable system of vicarious punishment.

There is an allusion to this curious intimacy in Samuel Rowley's play, "When You see Me You know Me," which is believed to be the prototype of Shakspeare's "Henry VIII." The whipping-boy is introduced under the name of Browne, and is duly whacked. But in the next page the Prince makes royal amends—

PRINCE (to Browne): In truth, I pity thee, and inwardly feel the stripes thou barest, and for thy sake, Ned, I'll ply my book the faster; in the meantime thou shalt not say but the Prince of Wales will honourably reward thy service: come, Browne, kneel down.

WILL (the Jester): What! wilt thou knight him, Ned?

PRINCE: I will. My father has knighted many a one that never shed a drop of blood for him; but he has often for me

This is poetic license, for Barnaby was not knighted till he had been many years secure from the birch—indeed, not till long after Edward's death. They were firm friends, and it was his misfortune, no less than the country's, that the "incomparable" Edward died at the age of sixteen.

The relations of Charles I. and his whipping-boy, William Murray, were not quite so ideal. History says nothing of the early castigations which cemented their intimacy, and which, one would think, ought to have been rather more frequent than those which fell to the lot of the pious Edward's substitute. At any rate, they did not whip the offending Adam out of Murray, for in the Civil War he served both sides in a way which savours distinctly of treachery. He was rewarded for his boyish thrashings with a title.

James I. was not so fortunate as his successor in respect of his boyish pains and penalties. He had, indeed, a "page and whipping-boy"—the offices were usually combined—but his early tutor, George Buchanan, did not approve of the vicarious system, and visited the iniquities of the royal pen upon the royal person. Another pedagogue, however, was more pliable, and James's naughtiness was corrected on another's cuticle. Readers of "The Fortunes of Nigel" will remember that Scott caricatures the unfortunate wight under the name of Sir Mungo Malagrowth. It is quite possible that the "Admirable" Crichton may have filled the post for a time, for a proposal was certainly made to his father that the boy should be a sort of school-companion to James.

It will be seen from these instances that the royal skin did not always escape. A good deal was, no doubt, left to the discretion of the tutor. Henry VI., it is said, was on one occasion chastised personally; perhaps the whipping-boy had a holiday. Louis XIV. seems to have lamented the loyalty of his teachers, for, regretting one day his lack of education, he said, "Were there no whips in my kingdom to make me study?"

The custom, so far as it concerned the Kings of England, seems to have ceased with Charles I. Perhaps the effect of sparing the rod in that case was thought so disastrous that the experiment was abandoned. But it is obviously impossible to judge by results. Edward VI., who was flogged by proxy, was certainly no worse a monarch than George IV., whom his father delivered over alive to the wielder of the birch. It does not appear that the Princesses of England ever enjoyed any similar convenience. Catherine of Russia, it is true, chastised her maids-of-honour; but she observed a rigid impartiality in the distribution. I can find no trace of any whipping-girl, in a sense, to correspond with the whipping-boy. Either conclusion seems to be damaging to the gallant memory of our ancestors—that feminine education was not so important a matter as to warrant the engagement of a special scapegoat, or that royal damsels were well able to bear the penalties of their own errors.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN'S HOLIDAY.

The Queen began her holiday at Cimiez in brilliant sunshine, and at once enjoyed a donkey-drive in the gardens of the Villa Liserb. No ill effects were suffered by her Majesty from the journey, which was a successful one throughout. Accompanied by Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the young Princes of Battenberg, the Queen proceeded from Windsor for Portsmouth Dockyard, to spend the first night on board the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, which was safely moored for the night, and was surrounded by seven or eight picket-boats, which went circling round and round in the darkness to prevent anyone from approaching. The sea was smooth till the next morning, when the yacht set sail in rather windy weather for Cherbourg, in charge of Rear-Admiral Fullerton. All the ships in Portsmouth Harbour were dressed rainbow-fashion, and when the order was given to slip the moorings of her Majesty's yacht, the crews of all the commissioned vessels manned ship. With the *Victoria and Albert* were a little flotilla, consisting of the royal yacht *Osborne*, the Trinity yacht *Irene*, and the cruisers *Mersey* and *Australia*. In the afternoon the royal yacht entered the arsenal at Cherbourg, and—while the men-of-war escorting her went to their moorings in the roadstead—was made fast for the night, the crowd on the quay saluting the Queen as she passed, and the Maritime Prefect and the General commanding the 10th Army Corps waiting on her Majesty to present more formal offerings of respect. The Queen slept well, and took train for Nice next morning. Passing through Cannes, she must have felt quite among her own people, for on the station platform she found the Prince of Wales, the Marchioness of Lorne, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duchess of Albany. At Nice, which was reached on Sunday afternoon, the band of the 3rd Infantry Regiment played the British National Anthem, and the Prince and Princess of Roumania, Sir James Harris, the British Consul, and other notabilities were in attendance. A landau, preceded by an escort of six mounted gendarmes, flanked by a Captain and a Lieutenant of Artillery, and followed by two detachments of artillerymen, drove her Majesty rapidly to Cimiez, where the buglers of the 6th Alpine Chasseurs played "God Save the Queen," and a wonderful array of roses, orchids, and almond blossom, the gift of the Nice municipality, scented and embellished the royal apartments. The Prince of Wales, who has managed, as usual, to combine a certain amount of business with his holiday, laid at Cannes, just before the Queen's arrival, the first stone of a new jetty to be called by his name: an addition to the port which yachtsmen especially are likely to appreciate. Replying to speeches in his honour by the Mayor and by the Prefect, his Royal Highness expressed his hope that France may long enjoy the benefits of the government of the Republic, and that the cordial relations between France and Great Britain "may long continue for the good of humanity."

THE WEST AFRICAN QUESTION.

The Queen's visit to Cimiez and Lord Salisbury's approaching visit to his villa at Beaulieu do not point to any serious development in our relations with France, although the negotiations in Paris about West Africa seem to be at a deadlock. The French insist upon their claim to Boussa, which they have occupied, and our Foreign Office is equally determined that Boussa belongs to us by treaty. Public opinion in France is not in the least excited over this question, and with the Queen and her chief Minister recruiting on French soil, it will be natural for our neighbours to take the risks of dispute even more lightly.

Our Illustrations include a number of interesting photographs taken by Lieutenant F. Henderson while in command of the British Mission from Accra to the friendly chiefs of the Gold Coast Hinterland. The adventures of the expedition and the plucky conduct of Lieutenant Henderson, since recognised by the bestowal of the honour of the Distinguished Service Order, were chronicled in our columns a few weeks ago. The Mission, it will be remembered, left Accra in November last with the object of opening up negotiations with a number of chiefs of the interior,

already in treaty or known to be friendly. The expedition, under the command of Lieutenant F. Henderson, R.N., included Assistant-Inspector Irvine, Mr. Ferguson, Dr. Part, and a hundred Hausas. All went well until, some distance beyond Kumasi, the party learned that the Sofa army, under the son of the great chief Samory, was out on a marauding raid, pillaging and laying waste the villages of the Hinterland. When Lieutenant Henderson and his force reached Bualé, a town of some importance, they found the place a smouldering ruin. In view of this Sofa outbreak, Wa was strongly garrisoned by the British force early in the new year. Lieutenant Henderson, Mr. Ferguson, and forty-three Hausas only proceeding to Dawkita. There they were attacked by the Sofa army, but managed to keep the whole force at bay for four days, killing upwards of four hundred of the beleaguering forces in the course of that period. Eventually they had to fall back on Wa, which was in turn surrounded by Samory's followers. The odds seemed so overwhelming that Lieutenant Henderson pluckily determined to go boldly into the Sofa camp alone and propose terms. Samory's son, who was in command of the raiders, received him with deference and gave him an escort to take him to see Samory himself. The famous chieftain likewise treated his English visitor with courtesy and gave him an escort to the coast, but was not apparently much abashed to hear of his army's attack on British subjects.

WITH THE MARINES IN KOREA.

For the last three months a guard of marines has been maintained at the British Consulate at Seoul, in Korea. About four months ago the Japanese replaced a "weak"

A LITERARY LETTER.

The interesting story of his adventures in Tibet, entitled "Towards Lhassa," which Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor has been contributing for some time to the *Daily Mail*, is to be published by C. Arthur Pearson, Limited. Rumour has it that five thousand pounds has been paid for the copyright of the book.

In his preface to the "Literary Year-Book" for 1898, Mr. Joseph Jacobs mentions my name as that of one who has, at his request, given him some advice in the preparation of his volume. I have a very great respect for Mr. Jacobs's learning and literary abilities, but he would have saved himself a great deal of adverse criticism had he not ignored the most pronounced piece of advice that I ventured to give him—which was to make his book absolutely an epitome of information, and to have nothing whatever to do with opinions. His article on the literature of the year, although exceedingly brightly written, is, after all, a matter of opinions, and Mr. Jacobs must have irritated far more people through that one small chapter of twenty pages than he can possibly have gained friends by it. One fancies that certain well-known novelists are not pleased by a reference to the fact that the most characteristic thing about the year's "output of novels is the comparative decline of almost all the old hands." I can imagine that a stickler for style will object to the word "output," and will also object to Mr. Hardy and Mr. Merriman being described as "old hands."

I do not think Mr. Jacobs should have given us a summary of the literature of the year at all. He could have done that in one of the newspapers that are open to him. Still less do I think that he should have devoted a number of pages to appreciations and portraits. Here are some ten or twelve distinguished writers of the day: but where are the others? Why Miss Violet Hunt and Miss Montresor—brilliant as is the literary work of both these women—as against at least a dozen other clever women-novelists who might have been placed? And no doubt these dozen clever women either themselves write for newspapers or have friends who do so, and Mr. Jacobs will assuredly hear of it! Where, some will ask, is Mr. Stephen Phillips, whose volume of poems has sold to the extent of four thousand—a thing which has not happened to a new poet, I imagine, for many years now. As a matter of fact, Mr. Jacobs should have confined his portraiture to old and well-established reputations, concerning which there could be no controversy. His frontispiece of Mr. Ruskin, from a delightful portrait by Hollier, is everything that could be wished. In spite of its faults, however, the "Literary Year Book" has a very good reason for existence. There are numbers of things in it which make it valuable for reference, and I have no doubt that the next year's issue will have none of the faults of the present.

For some time past we have been looking forward to an Anthology of Irish Poetry, which was to be made by Mr. Stopford Brooke in association with Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves. Mr. Graves has found his duties as an Inspector of Education too arduous for him to carry out the project, and he has resigned his share in the preparation of the anthology to Mr. T. W. Rolleston, the son-in-law of Mr. Stopford Brooke. The new Irish anthology, prepared by these two distinguished Irishmen, will, I imagine, be as final as the first series of the "Golden Treasury" in its original form. Messrs. Smith and Elder are to be the publishers.

In addition to editing a new edition of Thackeray's works, which has already been announced, Mrs. Ritchie has finally undertaken, I am glad to hear, the much and long desired biography of her father.

I cannot bring myself to believe the rumour that Messrs. Harmsworth are going to produce a magazine of the size of the *Strand* for threepence. It would no doubt be successful, and it would sell widely; it would materially injure some of the sixpenny magazines, and not others. But personally I should regret it, mainly because I am sure that it would exercise a disastrous effect from the point of view of literature. Tit-bits would be still more in demand in our magazines, and good writing—in other words, literature—still less.

C. K. S.



THE QUEEN'S JOURNEY TO CIMIEZ: PICKET-BOATS GUARDING THE ROYAL YACHT IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR AT NIGHT.

Drawn by N. Wilkinson.

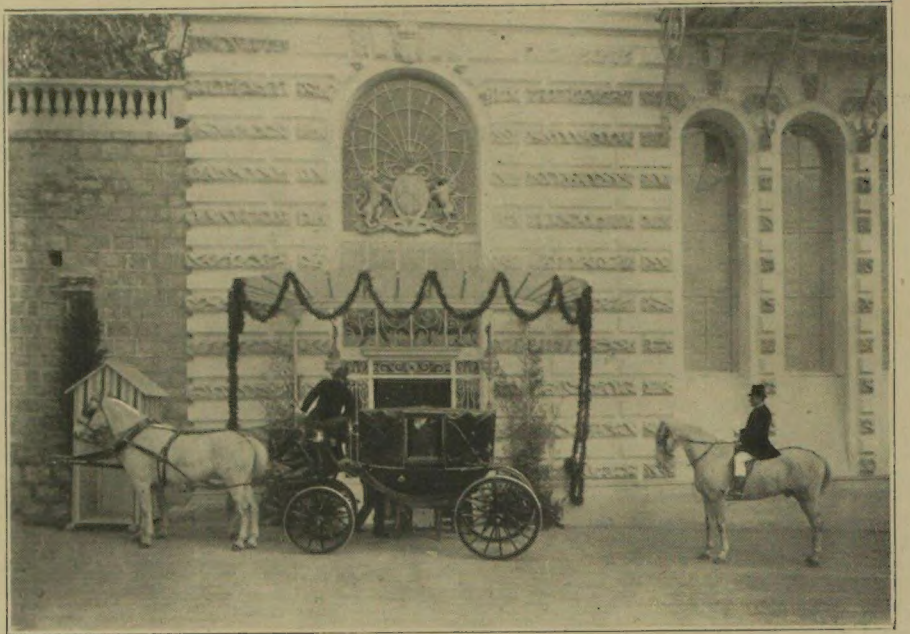
by a "strong" Minister, and his policy was expected to bring about another native rising similar to the one eighteen months ago, which resulted in the murder of the late Queen and her Ministers, who practically ruled the country. To defend our Consulate in case of emergency, Captain Mercer, R.M.L.I., and eleven marines of H.M.S. *Narcissus* were marched up from the seaport Chemulpo, twenty-eight miles distant, and are still in Seoul. The Russians keep eighty men and one gun at their Consulate, partially to counterbalance the one regiment which the Japanese maintain to protect their postal and telegraph system. The extemporised barracks shown in the drawing were formerly a large native house, but now, whitewashed, fitted with mess-tables and hooks for slinging hammocks from, they are as comfortable as possible. The drawings show one of the very picturesque gates which give entrance to the town through the crumbling old walls.

FIRE AT A PLAGUE HOSPITAL.

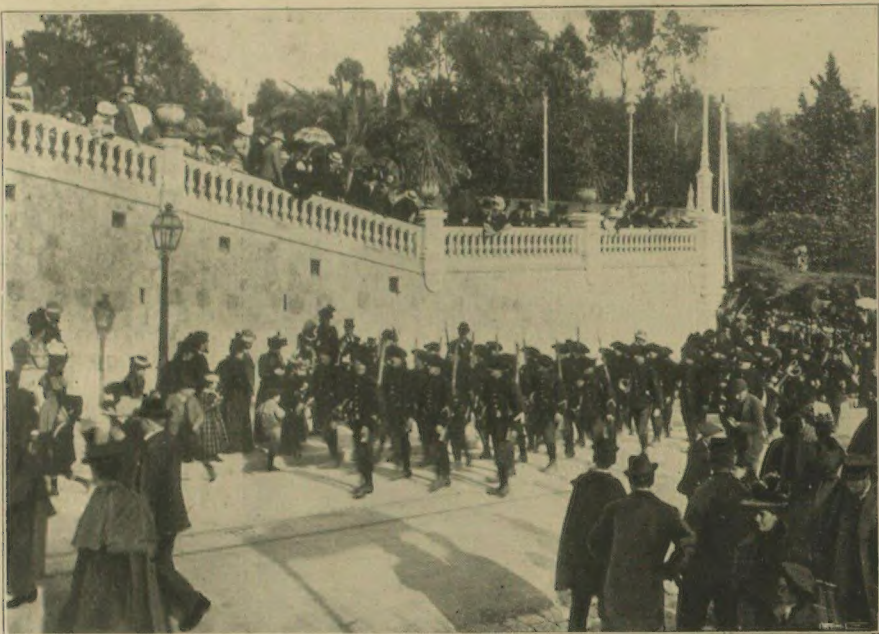
By a curious irony of circumstance more than half of the special plague hospital at Modykhana, opened but recently by the Bombay Plague Committee, was destroyed on Feb. 19 by a fire which originated in an adjoining shed. Eighty-six natives suffering from the plague were occupying the wards at the time, but they were one and all carried forth to a place of safety by the English nurses, Miss Winscombe, the nurse in charge, Miss Wood, Mrs. Campbell, Miss Campbell, Miss Snowdon, Miss C. Brown, Miss Fry, and Miss Buckley, with splendid promptitude and courage. The heroic conduct of these Englishwomen has deeply stirred public feeling at home. It is a noble example of unselfish devotion to duty. There is a tendency to regard hospital nursing as rather a frivolous occupation for women. In some popular novels the hospital nurse is more intent upon flirtation than upon healing. This incident at Bombay gives another aspect to her labours.



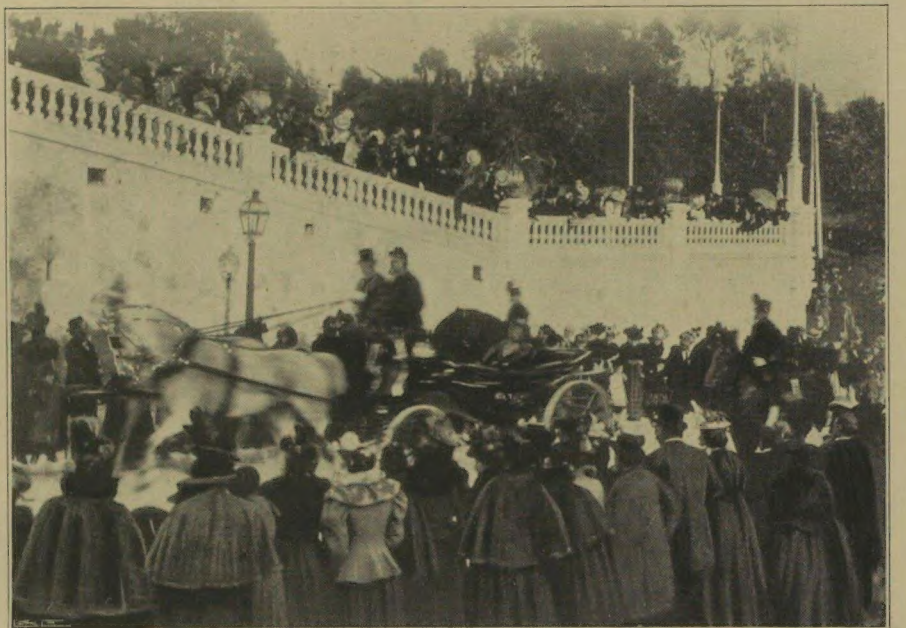
VIEW FROM THE EXCELSIOR REGINA HOTEL, HER MAJESTY'S RESIDENCE AT CIMIEZ.



ARRANGING THE PLATFORM FOR HER MAJESTY TO ALIGHT.



GUARDS OF HONOUR IN THE AVENUE VICTORIA.



ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL CARRIAGE.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE RIVIERA: HER MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL AT CIMIEZ.

From Photographs by A. L. Henderson, Brimsdown, Middlesex.

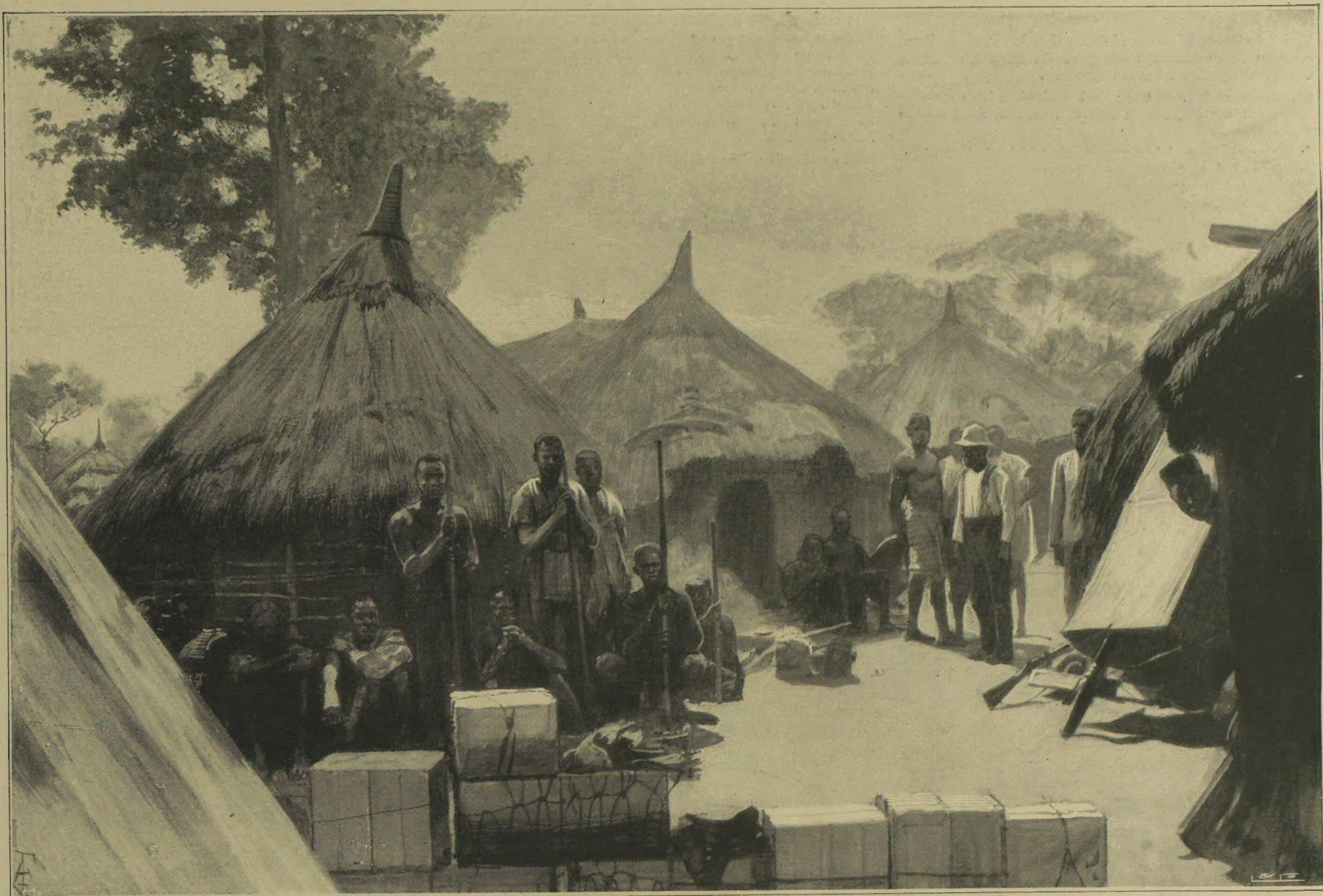


FIRE AT THE MODYKHANA PLAGUE HOSPITAL: NURSES SAVING THE NATIVE PATIENTS.

From a Sketch by J. Berriman Vears, Bombay.

WITH THE BRITISH EXPEDITION FROM ACCRA TO THE GOLD COAST HINTERLAND.

From Photographs by Lieutenant F. Henderson, D.S.O., in Command of the Mission.



REFUGEES FROM BONA AT DEKRUPÉ.

These men reported that Samory's son had taken their town, and the King, Chiefs, and most of the people had "gone for bush." The boxes are part of Lieutenant Henderson's zareba. The huts are typical Mo huts.



HALT FOR BREAKFAST AT THE NANTÉ RIVER, ON THE UKORANZA KINTAMPO-ROAD.

The river is but a small stream, and is crossed by the log bridge.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, happily recovering soon from her slight indisposition last week, on Thursday, March 10, left Windsor Castle in the afternoon, setting forth on her journey to the Riviera, accompanied by Princess Christian and by Princess Henry of Battenberg, with her two youngest sons. An account of her Majesty's journey and arrival at Nice is given under "Our Illustrations."

The Princess of Wales has left London for Sandringham. Her Royal Highness on Friday, at Buckingham Palace, held a Drawing-Room for the Queen.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha has been visiting Malta on his way home from Egypt, where he went for the sake of his health.

A telegram from Aden reports that H.M.S. *Victorious*, which grounded at the Port Said entrance to the Suez Canal, has safely passed down the Red Sea to that port on her way to China.

A very large public will hear with regret of the serious illness of Mr. Chatterton Dix, the author of "Come unto

benefits of political freedom under the reign of a wise and just monarch, who is also King of Hungary.

The British Ambassador at Peking, Sir Claude Macdonald, K.C.B., was said to have delivered to the Tsung-li-Yamen, the Chinese Imperial State Chancery, on March 8, a strong protest against the cession of Port Arthur and Talién-Wan to Russia. This statement is denied, and was at least premature. But Shu-Ching-Cheng, late Chinese Ambassador at Berlin, has been sent to St. Petersburg to arrange this cession, in effect, under the form of a prolonged or perpetual lease. Russian troops have entered the Manchu provinces of China without opposition. Germany has likewise obtained the concession for a railway to I-Chau, in the interior, traversing the province of Shangtung.

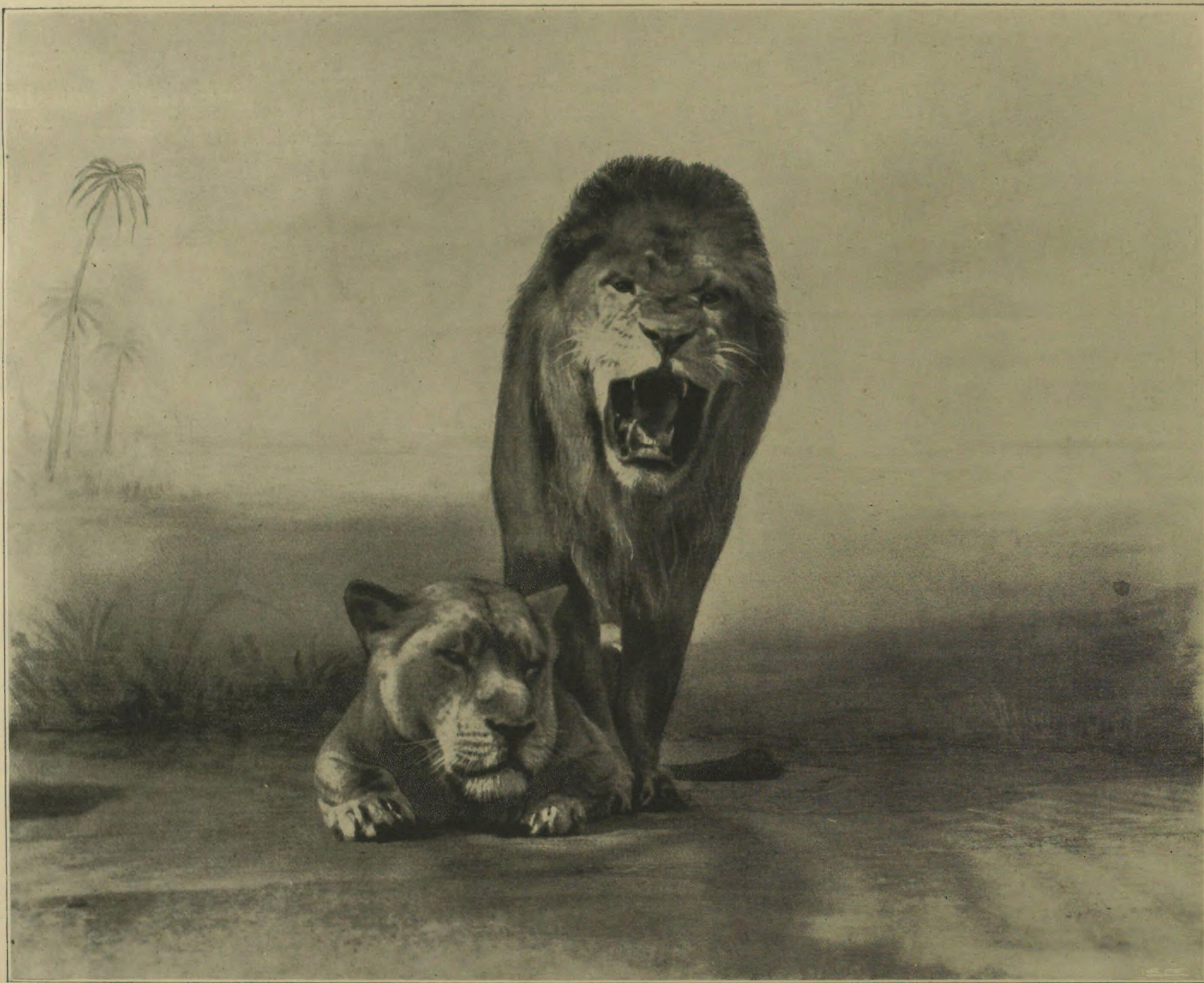
The Russian Imperial Government system of railways from Moscow eastward across the whole breadth of European Russia and Siberia to the Amoor River and the seaports of the Pacific, which will be connected with Manchuria and Port Arthur on the coast of the Yellow Sea by the recent concessions of China, has made wonderful progress. The

promises to surrender their rifles and to pay their fines. The British military commander is meanwhile taking steps for the better protection of the Khyber Pass.

In view of the enormous traffic which will before long be passing to and from the Yukon gold-fields, the Canadian Government has decided to carry out the plans for the Stickeen River Railway without waiting for "the law's delay" to settle the precise interpretation of its treaty with the United States, as applied to the navigation of the Stickeen River. Lady Aberdeen has interested herself in the arrangements for sending a number of trained nurses to the gold-fields, and funds for this purpose are asked from those who stay at home at ease yet wish good fortune to friends and relatives making a hazard of their lives in search of gold at the new El Dorado.

PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Goschen's Navy Estimates demand an expenditure of twenty-five millions and a half. It is significant that there



LIONS AT THE "ZOO."

Photo C. Knight, Newport.

Me, ye weary," "As with gladness men of old," and other hymns which have a permanent place in the hearts of all lovers of sacred song. As a mark of regard for Mr. Dix's really valuable work and to cheer him in his illness, a testimonial has been started at Bristol, under an influential committee which includes the Very Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, D.D., Sir Edmund Elton, and Mr. F. J. Fry. Subscriptions should be sent to Mr. Conrad P. Fry, of Union Street, Bristol, treasurer of the fund.

The building of a new bridge over London's great tideway at Vauxhall was one of the most interesting projects of the last County Council, and its accomplishment is not likely to be long delayed by the successors of that body. The enormous growth of Greater London in recent years has been at no point more apparent than on "the Surrey side," and the stream of traffic across the Thames proves the yearly growing need of additional means of access from one bank of the river to the other. We are able to give an illustration of Sir Alexander Binnie's design for the new bridge, and it will be seen from this drawing that the structure will be far from bringing any disfigurement upon a stretch of the river which, with its Albert Embankment and many other innovations of recent date, already tells the story of municipal progress.

At Vienna on Sunday the fiftieth anniversary of the Emperor Francis Joseph's granting Constitutional liberties to the States of the Austrian Empire was celebrated with loyal enthusiasm and patriotic congratulations on the

line from Moscow to Irkutsk, near Lake Baikal, a distance of three thousand miles, extending over much beyond half the greatest width of the Asiatic Continent, and approaching Chinese Tartary, is already constructed within about two hundred miles; and trains are now about to be started running all the way from Moscow in six days.

The Emperor of Russia has issued a ukase for the construction of war-ships at the cost of about nine millions sterling, but it will take some years to execute such a large order in any of the Russian dockyards. Japan and the United States of America are likewise intent on the building or purchase of more ships.

Probabilities of war between the United States and Spain upon the question of Cuban independence continue to disturb the public mind in America, where great preparations are being made for coast defences, and two war-ships have been bought from Brazil. The new Spanish Envoy at Washington, Señor Polo Bernabe, has been introduced to President McKinley.

The only fresh news from the Soudan is that General Gatacre, with the new contingent of British troops joining Sir Herbert Kitchener's Egyptian army, has performed in admirable style a rapid march from Abu Dis to Berber, and that the positions on the Nile and the Atbara have been strengthened and connected, so that the Dervishes cannot move towards them without meeting a destructive repulse.

From the Indian North-West Frontier we hear of nothing at present but the submission of Afridi tribes and

is no protest against this from any quarter. Mr. Goschen has incurred a good deal of criticism, however, on the score of the backward state of naval construction. Lord Charles Beresford says the Government ought to purchase the foreign ships now being built in this country. He holds that we are falling behind other nations in the rapidity of construction, and that the Navy is not yet properly manned, although he admits considerable improvement in the system of recruiting. Mr. Goschen, on the other hand, contends that the *personnel* of the Navy is fully adequate. It will number 106,000 men and boys on paper in the course of the next two years; but Lord Charles Beresford maintains that there is still a marked deficiency in the actual figures, notably in lieutenants. Mr. Chamberlain explained his scheme for relieving distress in the West Indies by a grant of £120,000 to the sugar-planters. There is to be some commercial reciprocity between the West Indies and the United States, although this part of the scheme is not very clear at present. A wholly unnecessary debate on "Home Rule all round" was initiated by Mr. Herbert Roberts, who argued that Scotland and Wales ought to have complete charge of their own local affairs, especially educational machinery. He did not dispute the Home Rule claim for Ireland, but held that the principle of general devolution ought to be affirmed by Parliament. The Irish members sniffed at this, but Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman supported Mr. Roberts. Mr. Balfour said the debate had no practical interest for anybody, and the justice of this remark was shown by an early "count."

PERSONAL.

To our last week's portrait gallery of new members of the London County Council we now add pictures in little of the Council's new officials. Mr. T. McKinnon Wood, the new Chairman, has been a leader of Progressive policy on the County Council since 1892, and his re-election as member for Central Hackney last week was a foregone conclusion. Born in 1855, Mr. McKinnon Wood was educated at Mill Hill and University College, London, and is known in the commercial world as head of the firm of Hugh Wood and Sons, wholesale provision merchants. Lord Welby, the new Vice-Chairman, is the first Baron of the title, which dates from the year 1893. He was born as long ago as 1832, and on leaving Cambridge entered the Treasury. He held office as Permanent Secretary of the Treasury from 1885 to 1892, and has lately devoted much energy to the discharge of his duties as an Alderman of the London County Council. Mr. Henry Percy Harris, the new Deputy-Chairman of the Council, is a son of Sir George D. Harris, and, like his father, is a Moderate. He entered the Council in 1892, and was subsequently vice-chairman of several committees, and Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee at the time when his party decided on their attitude towards the water question.

Orlando Bridgeman, third Earl of Bradford, who died at Weston Park, Shifnal, was born in 1819, and was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his M.A. degree in 1840. As Viscount Newport he sat in the House of Commons for South Shropshire from 1842 till 1865, the date of his accession to the Peerage. After serving as Vice-Chamberlain of the Household on several occasions, he was twice appointed Lord Chamberlain, and during the Government of his great friend, Lord Beaconsfield (1874-80), he was Master of the Horse, as he was again under Lord Salisbury in 1885-86. A well-known sportsman, he was a hard rider to hounds, a prominent member of the Jockey Club, and the lucky owner of Sir Hugo, the victor over La Flèche at the Derby of 1892. In 1844 the late Earl married Selina Louisa, daughter of the first Lord Forester, who lived till 1894, the year of the golden jubilee of her wedding. The title now devolves on Viscount Newport (formerly M.P.), who was born in 1845, and who married, in 1869, Lady Ida Frances Isabella, daughter of the ninth Earl of Scarborough.

Sir Richard Quain, whose fame as a physician had its climax when he was summoned to the death-bed of Lord Beaconsfield, has died at the age of eighty-two. Born at Mallow in 1816, he entered the Medical School of the University of London, where, at the age of twenty-four, he was made a Bachelor of Medicine and took the University Scholarship. Many posts of honour in the profession were held by him—he was on the Council of the Royal College of Physicians, he was the Lumleian Lecturer and the Harveian Orator, he was a Royal Commissioner on the Cattle Plague, and President of the General Medical Council of Education. His contributions to the literature of medicine were of some importance, especially those relating to diseases of the heart. His services were much in request among members of the royal family, and in 1891 a baronetcy was conferred upon him. Sir Richard married, in 1854, Isabella Agnes, daughter of Mr. George Wray, of Cleasby, Yorkshire. She died in 1891, and Sir Richard leaves no son to inherit his title. Carlyle was one of Sir Richard Quain's patients—or impatient. Only one remedy for his dyspepsia would he consent to take, and the benefit which might have come from that was neutralised by the ill-effects of a luxury he would not relinquish—gingerbread. It was a "very nasty" kind of bread,

according to the doctor; but Carlyle had a different opinion, and he ate it in his chimney-corner between one whiff and another from his clay pipe.

Mr. George Müller's death took place very suddenly at his great orphanage at Ashley Down, Bristol. Going to bed in his usual health he was found dead when called in the morning, his advanced age of ninety-three years being sufficient cause in itself for the cessation of his being. This great philanthropist, "who lived by faith" and fed his orphans by the same simple formula, was born in Germany, and after a rather chequered religious history, entered the Lutheran ministry. Undertaking evangelistic work under the auspices of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, he preached in various English towns, settling in 1829 as pastor at Teignmouth, whence after three years he proceeded to Bristol, where his orphanage began at first in his own house, the institution at Ashley Down being opened in 1835. In a recent report the venerable founder mentioned that over 120,000 children

instantaneously. The assassin, having failed in an attempt to shoot himself, was arrested.

As the Minister of Russian Finance, M. Witt has lately become an important personage in the drama of diplomatic intrigue now being enacted in the Far East. Russian loans, Russian railways, and other large financial questions have given that high official so much to do of late that such other issues as Russian demands for sovereign rights over Port Arthur and Talien-Wan must seem to him mere holiday matters. Negotiations of a confidential character are understood to be now afoot at St. Petersburg between M. Witt and certain Chinese officials.

The duel between Deputy Cavallotti and Deputy Macola had a tragic ending; for the sword of Signor Macola, at the third assault, entered Signor Cavallotti's mouth and cut the artery, so that in two speechless minutes he was dead. Thus passes away from Italian political life, by a method of warfare which is utterly inconclusive and barbaric, a man whose name had become very familiar

among his own countrymen. Born in 1842 of a family Venetian in its origin, he became known as a poet of patriotism before he was out of his teens. In 1871 his drama "I Pezzenti," produced at Milan, heightened his fame as a patriot, and was hailed as the first sign of a new school of Romanticism. He entered Parliament in 1871, and was a truculent opponent of the Crispi policy in its attitude towards the Triple Alliance. The present Government, of which he was an opponent, has given expression, nevertheless, to the general regret occasioned throughout the country by his death.

The illness of Lord Salisbury has excited profound regret. No Foreign Secretary of recent times has had such laborious work. The international complications in which Great Britain is now concerned would tax the strength of the most robust man. Lord Salisbury is a victim of influenza, and the fatigue of a Cabinet Council when he was convalescent caused a relapse. By the peremptory orders of Sir William Broadbent, the Foreign Secretary will spend some weeks at Beaulieu when he is well enough to travel. The duties of the Foreign Office will be transacted meanwhile by Mr. Balfour and Mr. George Curzon.

It is interesting to know that the Sultan has shown great concern about her Majesty's health, and also the health of Sir Philip Currie. This solicitude is touching. Some people may think it is due simply to Abdul Hamid's sense of what is "correct," but it is probably quite sincere and heartfelt. Sir Philip Currie has made some severe

strictures on the Oriental policy of butchering inconvenient persons, but the Sultan's affectionate regard for the Ambassador is undisturbed by mere politics.

The second ordinary meeting of the Maypole Company, Limited, held at the Inns of Court Hotel, was notable among such business gatherings for the fund of amusing anecdote, chiefly anent the many testimonials and the very few complaints received from patrons of the now famous Maypole Soap, quoted with much gusto by the chairman, Mr. V. M. Holt-Beever, in the course of his speech. The complaints apparently came only from sanguine persons who expected to dye their whole house with one cake of Maypole Soap, but the testimonials were the tribute of all sorts and conditions of people from Maidstone hospital nurses to music-hall artists, with such unconsidered triflers as suburban football clubs thrown in by the way. Speaking more seriously, the chairman was able to quote with pride the fact that the sales for the year 1897 were nearly thrice as large as during the previous twelvemonth. The preliminary expenses, amounting to £1383, have now been written off, and a dividend of seven per cent. on the preference shares and five per cent. on the ordinary shares declared.



Photo Russell.
MR. T. MCKINNON WOOD,
Chairman, London County Council.

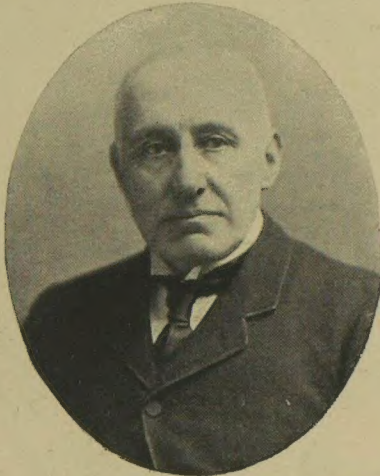


Photo Russell.
LORD WELBY,
Vice-Chairman, London County Council.

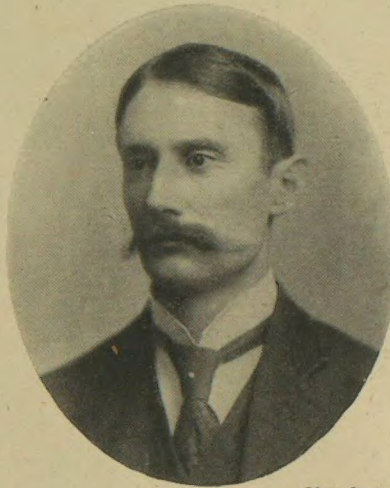


Photo Jerrard.
MR. H. PERCY HARRIS,
Deputy-Chairman, London County Council.



Photo Schenloche and Baldi, Rome.
THE LATE SIGNOR CAVALLOTTI.

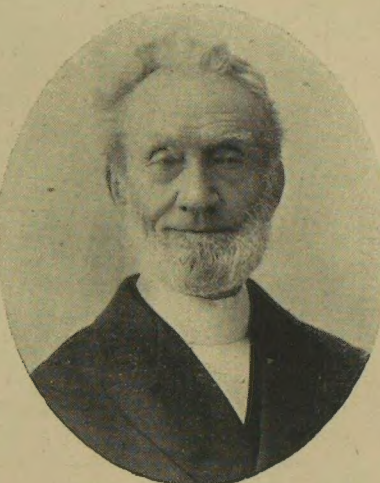


Photo Frank Holmes, Bristol.
THE LATE MR. GEORGE MÜLLER.

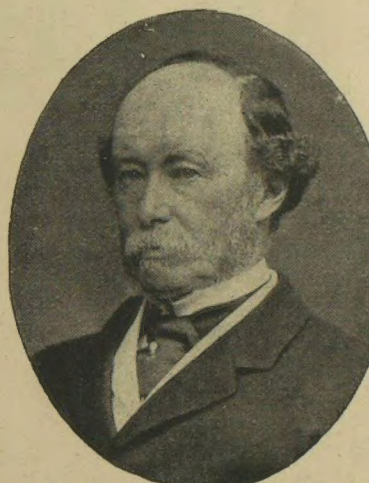


Photo Russell.
THE LATE EARL OF BRADFORD.



Photo Chapiro, St. Petersburg.
M. WITTI, RUSSIAN MINISTER OF FINANCE.

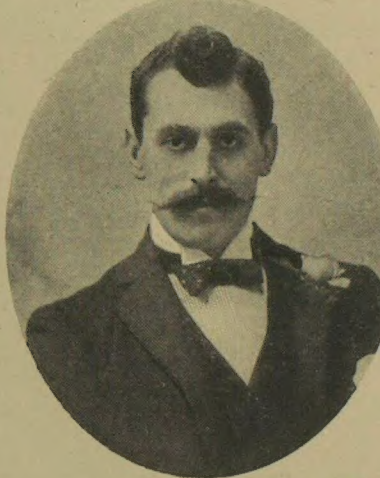


Photo W. G. Parker and Co., Holborn.
THE LATE MR. WOOLF JOEL.

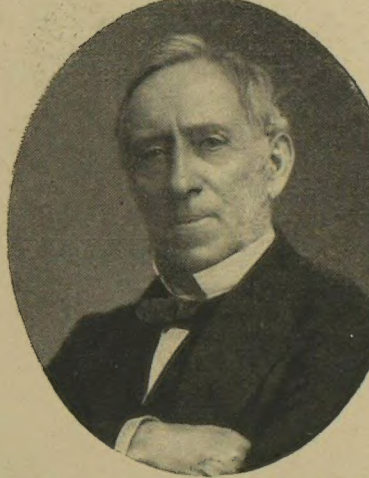
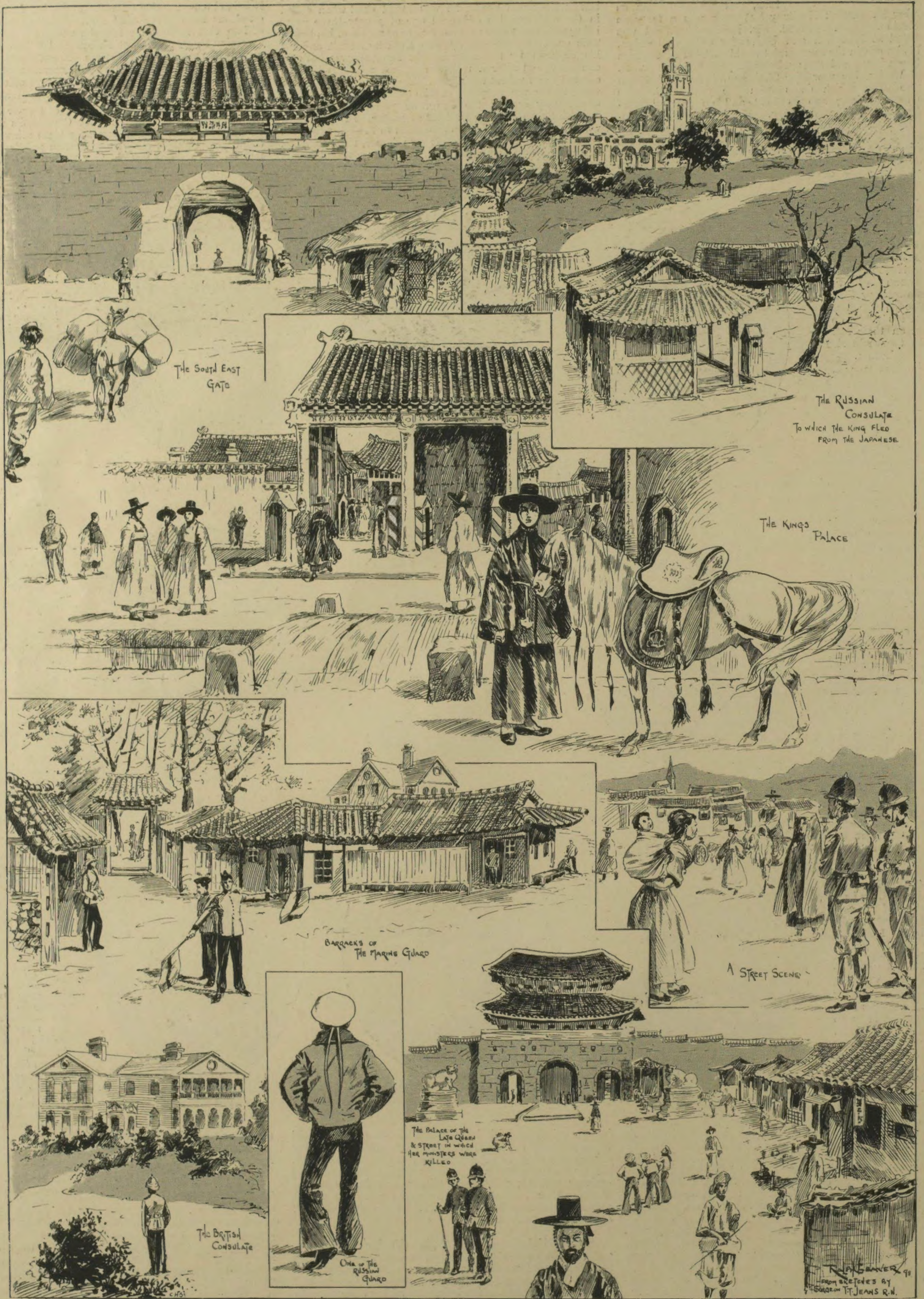


Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR RICHARD QUAIN, BART., F.R.S.

had passed through his fatherly hands. The number would be indefinitely increased if count were taken of the day schools organised in connection with the institution. Mr. Müller travelled far and wide to collect funds for his orphans, and for missionary labour, and he received a million and a half of money in response, not to public appeals for charity, but, as he held, to his prayers of faith, and to those of the orphans.

Mr. Woolf Joel, nephew of the late Mr. Barney Barnato, and since his uncle's death head manager of the enormous business interests of the firm of Barnato Brothers, was shot dead in Johannesburg on Monday. Only in January had Mr. Woolf Joel gone out to look after some of the Barnato affairs in South Africa, and he was shortly to return to his house in Upper Brook Street for the London season. He was well known in the City and on the Turf, and was very popular for his constant good-nature and his coolness under all difficulty. The murderer, whose name is Veltheim, entered the room where Mr. Joel and his local manager were seated, and demanded a large sum of money. Being refused, he took up a revolver from the table and shot Mr. Woolf Joel between the eyes, causing death almost



BRITISH TROOPS IN KOREA: WITH THE MARINES AT SEOUL.

From sketches by Surgeon T. T. Jeans, R.N., H.M.S. "Immortalité."



BY SIR WALTER BESANT.

ILLUSTRATED BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN.

AN afternoon in November: the sun had gone down, but there was still a warm glow in the west; and on the terrace overlooking the garden, and in the windows of the house there was still a pleasant light and the reflected colour of the sunset. Two people were walking together in earnest conversation. One was a lady of middle age, her head protected by a warm woollen wrapper, which lay over her shoulders as well; the other was a man apparently many years younger.

"I hesitate," said the lady, "not that I doubt or mistrust you—far from it."

"Then why? Why? Since Sophia orders it: since it opens up the way to such a conquest of the spiritual world as has never before been offered to humanity."

"Because I feel that I have long since done with earthly love. Because I regard you as a brother—yes—a brother—can there be a more sacred tie in a sacred Cause?"

"There is a closer affinity possible. Nay, in the mysterious Order of creation it is by the closer affinity of marriage that you will be able to rise far above the spiritual levels already reached. Otherwise, it would be with me—for choice—sister and brother—but always dear—always dear." He raised the lady's hand and kissed it—they were alone on the terrace—"Always dear—always dear."

"Are you sure? Has Sophia promised to come to me?"

"After marriage," he replied firmly; "not before. Such importance does Sophia attach to the marriage condition—she promises to lead you whither no man can penetrate: to see such things as have been hitherto granted only to Prophets. My friend Sophia is such a spirit as has never yet been enabled to communicate with the living. She will be your teacher: your guide: by her aid you shall wander among fields never before reached—"

"Ah!" cried the lady, "and to see again the soul of my lost—but what will he say when I tell him that I have married again?"

"Since it was on that condition—but, indeed, dear lady, he is already very far beyond earthly considerations."

"You think so— But I could not forgive myself."

"You will then, also, be raised above these considerations."

The lady walked beside him in silence. The man, who was tall, with narrow shoulders, looked down upon her with eyes which hardly spoke of heavenly rapture. There was an anxiety in those eyes which betokened some admixture, at least, of the earthly element. Why not? Did not Sophia herself promise to open the gates of the other world by the earthly medium of wedlock?

"Above all things," she said, with hesitation, "it seems a clear duty in the interests of the world—"

"Of long-suffering humanity," he interrupted. "Men are yearning for certainties. It will be your happy—happy lot to give them certainties. Can you not trust Sophia's promise? Could Sophia deceive?"

"Oh, no—no! If it cannot be done except by marriage. Give me time. Let me think it over. Consult Sophia once more."

"I will, if you wish it. But I have no expectation of

any change. The words are always the same. 'Her way is by marriage. There is no other way.'"

The lady sighed. "But give me time. Let me think it over."

"Take time," he replied gently. "Do not act in a hurry. Take a night."

"No—I must have much more. I must have a month. I must set my affairs in order. I must look after my daughter's interests. A thing like this cannot be decided in a day."

"Yet, in the interests of humanity, everything should give way. Well—take a fortnight. I shall not press for your decision for a fortnight—a whole fortnight! It is a long time to keep the world out of the Consolations and the Certainties that will be yours to offer. Yet—if it must be—"

"It must be. You are going back to London to-night. Remain there a fortnight. Come back this day fortnight and you shall have my decision."

She gave him her hand. He raised it: he kissed it. Then he lifted his hat, turned, and strode down the garden.

The lady looked after him with a sigh. The sunset glow was quite gone now: there was nothing left except a little pale twilight in the West. Against this belt of light the tall black figure of the man stood out black and, as it seemed to her, threatening. He lifted his arm for some reason. It looked like a menace. The thing he proposed to her was odious and horrible because— The man was richly endowed: his attainments in the spiritual line were wonderful: yet—somehow—she was a gentlewoman through and through. And what was he? And the reported words of Sophia, his spirit friend, seemed, somehow, to have in them a touch, a strain of the common. Was Sophia, also, not "quite"?

II.

At the same time, in the library, at the end of the house, whose windows commanded a view of the terrace, were two young persons. One of them, a young man, stood at a window looking out; the other, a girl, sat by the fireplace, her hands folded, her heavy eyes and her sad face betraying the deepest dejection.

"Are you quite sure, Madge?" he asked, watching the tall figure below as it bent over the drooping lady. "Are you not making yourself anxious without any foundation?" Here he observed the man below catch at the lady's hand. "Beast!" he murmured. "He is holding it."

"I wish there was no foundation," the girl replied. "I know exactly what he is doing. He holds out the promise of a wider revelation—"

"G-r-r-r!" an interjection of profound contempt.

"It is to follow after marriage. My mother told me so."

"He is actually kissing her hand. Confound the fellow!" but this he did not say aloud.

"And she believes him: and she is tempted by the promise of great powers. Oh, Robin, it is dreadful! The man is a fraud. I am sure he is. He is not a gentleman. He drinks as much as he can. He goes about the house already with the air of a proprietor. He cannot—I am sure he cannot—perform anything that he promises—"

"He is kissing her hand again." But this, again, he did not say aloud.

"He will make her life miserable. Oh! What can we do? What can we do?"

"Say—he would make her life miserable, Madge."

"What do you mean, Robin?"

"Say, my Madge, that if he got the chance, he would get everything into his own hands. Say that the undeceiving would come very quick; say, that all the promises would be broken; say, if you please"—he had taken both hands now and was leaning over the girl with a

familiarity which only belongs to an accepted lover—"that the gates of Heaven would be the more closely shut—"

"What do you mean, Robin?"

"I mean, my dear, that this unholy match is not going to take place."

"Who is to prevent it?"

"I am, Madge. Now—the fellow is gone. For a mere country yokel, Madge, you will confess that I am not quite a fool. Very well. But I have put on to the job certain fellows a good deal sharper than myself—fellows paid for being sharp—they have found out things—Oh! lovely things."

"Robin! About this man?"

"About the gentleman with the Familiar Spirit—the friend of Sophia. Things, Madge—I say—things."

"May a body, Robin, ask what things—?"

"Not yet. They are such things as even your mother will have to believe. Not even the Familiar Spirit—not Sophia herself—will be able to get over them."

"Then, Robin, tell her at once—tell her to-night."

"No, my child. I want to bring them home in a more direct way—in a way which will bring a permanent blush to the cheek of the gentleman with the Familiar Spirit and to that of Sophia herself. And I think I know the way."

"Then at once. Oh! Robin—if you knew how it pains and degrades me only to see that oily . . . BEAST . . . taking my mother's hand!"

"As soon as possible, my dear. But—there is this in the way. A certain person has got to come from New York before I can bring off my *coup* in the most effective manner possible. We must wait, therefore, for about ten days or, it may be, a fortnight. Meantime, please not to show any surprise at anything I may say or do. Sit quite quiet. Hush!"

III.

The door opened and the Lady came in. In the warm light of the library one saw that she was beautiful still, though the mother of a daughter of twenty. Her face was full of sweetness, her eyes were limpid; the eyes which belong to mystic, dreamy women; the women who attain to visions and ecstasies and raptures. She sat down, her head in her hand, without speaking. Madge rang the bell for tea. The Lady took her tea and still sat in silence.

At last she spoke. "Madge, my child," she said. "Robin—I am at a point where two ways diverge. I must choose one of the two. The one is the easy way—the way of selfish comfort: the other, which is the way of unselfishness, will bring happiness—not to me, but to countless millions. There is before me nothing short of a new Revelation. Mr. Leatherdale, children, offers me the choice in the name of his friend of the other world, who chooses to be called Sophia."

The young people looked at each other.

"My dear mother," said Madge. "If we could believe that Mr. Leatherdale has it in his power to make that promise—"

"Hush! Madge"—it was Robin who spoke—"let us not presume to set bounds to the power of the Spirits." He held up his hand in admonition.

She turned upon him with surprise. A new look of authority or solemnity sat upon Robin's face.

"I have not told you, dear Lady"—this was her name with those who knew her well—"you have been so much occupied with this Medium that I have not ventured to tell you—but—the fact is—from recent manifestations—from repeated experiments—I have reason to believe that I am myself possessed—I do not know as yet how largely—but, possessed of this gift. I too am a MEDIUM."

Madge blushed: she dropped her eyes: she covered her face with her fan.

"You, Robin?" asked the Lady. "Is it possible?"

"Why not? Shall I tell you some of my experiences?"

"Oh!" cried the Lady, when he ran down. "This is even beyond the powers of Mr. Leatherdale."

"It is not for me to compare myself with any one," Robin said modestly. "At the same time, my friend of the other world—Sophia—"

"What? That is the name of Mr. Leatherdale's friend."

"Sophia. It means wisdom, I believe. There may be two Sophias. You know, of course, that there is often a bad spirit who takes the name of a good spirit for purposes of deception. I would not suggest, for a moment, that Mr. Leatherdale's friend is a bad spirit: we can only judge by utterances. My Sophia—I wish she would come to you, dear Lady. She is just the Spirit that you would love: she is all purity, she is an ethereal, spiritual, luminous transparency." His eyes brightened and his cheek flushed, as one who cannot find words to describe his Vision. "The things of the earth do not concern her. I cannot ask her even to consider such things."

"Yet the other Sophia condescends to consider even such things as marriage."

Robin shook his head. "On the heights where my Sophia dwells," he said, "there is no question of marriage."

IV.

The Lady and the Medium were once more on the terrace. This time it was noon, and a day in dank November.

"There is something between us," said Mr. Leatherdale; "I feel it here." He laid a hand on his waistcoat. "So sensitive is my nature, that I feel even the slightest change in your regard for me. Ah! how quick to feel, how keen to see will you be when Sophia has made you her own!"

There was a change. The soul of Sensibility felt the change in the half-averted face, the guilty blush, the cold hand.

"Mr. Leatherdale," said the Lady. "I must tell you frankly that there is a change."

"Yet I have not changed. And Sophia is incapable of change."

"There is a great change. My daughter's fiancé, Mr. Robin Collingwood, whom you know, has developed powers of the most surprising kind—in the spiritualistic direction."

Mr. Leatherdale changed colour. "What?" he asked. "In a fortnight? Impossible!"

"Quite possible, on the contrary."

"The young man is shamming. In a fortnight? It cannot be. There are many pretenders abroad. He is shamming. Probably he wants your money. We must be very careful. Oh! very careful, indeed."

"Robin does not speak so unkindly of you. He regards you as a Master."

"Oh!" He looked puzzled. "What does he do it for, then?"

"It came upon him suddenly—with a burst of light. He, too, has his own friend and adviser—also called Sophia."

"His Sophia?" Again Mr. Leatherdale turned very red and looked puzzled.

"Yes. His Sophia. It is not unusual, he says, for two or more spirits to have the same name."

"I daresay—I daresay. Not my experience, that is all. What does he mean by it?"

Mr. Leatherdale groaned in anguish and disappointment.

"But she promises one thing. On this day, when I have to give you a final answer. Very well. In the evening, at five o'clock, when it grows dark, Sophia—Robin's Sophia—has promised to incarnate herself—in the Library—before us all. And she will then call upon you—not me—to state whether you still desire that I should give you my hand. The reply will be left to you."

"Call on me?—me—to state? Incarnate herself? What does this mean?"

He sat down on a garden-seat and wiped his forehead, because he could understand nothing except what everyone

understands in presence of a hostile move, that it means hostility. Moreover, this gentleman had talked for so many years—so glibly about incarnations, spirit hands, spirit voices, spirit messages, and the other world, that when he heard of another man under the same roof in the same profession, he knew that something wicked was intended. When one Fraud meets another Fraud in the same line, there must be either confederacy or a fight.

"You will come, then, to the Library this afternoon at five. Till then—Mr. Leatherdale." The Lady bowed coldly. The superiority of Robin's Sophia to the other spirit was so marked that her confidence in the latter was more than shaken. Robin's friend was a spirit of finer perceptions, wide reading, and good breeding—in short, a gentlewoman. Mr. Leatherdale's Sophia, it was now apparent to her, was of quite common clay, who could only talk vaguely of things which she clearly could not understand. I think that the Lady was ready to meet the ordeal of the day with the mental reservation that, even if Mr. Leatherdale passed the ordeal—she

knew there would be some kind of ordeal—she herself would end the matter on the spot.

"I have seen him, Madge, dear," she said. "He seems strangely incredulous. But, of course, the Incarnation will convince him, and we shall see, then, what he says. My dear, if it appears to be a higher duty to throw him over than to accept him, be assured that I shall not shrink."

V.

In the library there were no lights except the faint light of a low fire, which fell upon the rows of books and the chairs and tables. A screen stood in a corner, where there was a second door. When the clock struck five, the Lady appeared, followed by her daughter, Robin, and Mr. Leatherdale. The Medium looked about him with marked anxiety.



The figure pushed aside part of the veil and showed a face. . . . At the sight of that face Mr. Leatherdale started up, groaned, reeled, and caught at the back of his chair.

"You do not understand? Robin has developed very quickly remarkable powers."

"Oh!" But he looked doubtful. "This development does not, however, affect our relations."

"Have you consulted your friend since I saw you last?"

"Daily. She remains firm—adamant. She says that marriage is necessary. That duty once performed, she will place you on the highest plane yet attained by living man or woman."

"Robin has consulted his friend on the subject, too. She will not advise. She refuses to mix up things earthly with things spiritual."

"Does she offer what my Sophia offers?"

"She does not. She says that there is only one way for mortals to understand the next world—and that is—to enter it."

"You will sit here, dear Lady," said Robin, giving her a low chair beside the fire. "You, Madge, can stand by the mantel—so." The position gave the girl the command of the electric lights. "You, Mr. Leatherdale, can sit here. Now, when the Incarnation takes place, no one is to move, no one is to speak except myself. The Spirit speaks through me."

His voice was solemn. Only Mr. Leatherdale—not moved in the least by the solemnity, kept his eyes on a chair opposite—a chair standing out by itself. The Incarnation was evidently to take place there—in that chair.

"You understand," said the Lady, "do you not, Mr. Leatherdale? The spirit through Robin will address you." He turned to answer. "Yes," he said hoarsely, "I understand."

He turned his head again. He started with astonishment. For in the chair sat a figure clothed in white with a white lace veil thrown over its head. The features could not be seen. He knew that she must have come from

"Oh! It was wonderful!" said the Lady, relieved of the heaviest anxiety she had ever felt.

"Dear Lady!" said Robin, "you have seen the first and the last Incarnation of Sophia. She will return no more. The only way of knowing the other world is to go there. Let us remember that."

"Who was it then, Robin?" Madge asked again when they were alone.

"Only his wife, my dear."

THE END.

MUSIC.

The week's concerts have once more kept the musical world very busy, for they come not in single spies but in battalions. One of the most important of these was the performance given by the Bach Choir on Tuesday of last week. For whatever reason this choral association took

first concert of the present season at the Queen's Hall. The Philharmonic has enough prestige to crowd a house in all the better seats, and there was accordingly an excellent attendance. It is a pity, however, that the performances which are given by the society in these days of exceptionally keen musical competition should not be worthy of the name and fame of the old Philharmonic. The fact is that a number of new orchestral combinations have arisen which by dint of push, enthusiasm, vigour, and admirable conducting have attained to an exceptionally high level of excellence, while the older society, which once had a world-wide reputation for the merits of its concerts, seems quite content to sit in an armchair and watch the young world go hurrying by. The performance of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony the other day, for example, was, in comparison with the recent interpretation of the same work by Mr. Henry Wood, poor, cold, and dull. Herr Rosenthal was to have taken the solo piano, but he was prevented in consequence of an injured finger from making an appearance, and Miss Fanny



MY LADY'S PETS.—BY ARTHUR WARDLE.

From the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil Colours.

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behind the screen, but he had not seen her, and the suddenness startled him.

"The Incarnation," said Robin, "has taken place. Sophia sits before you—quiet. I speak for her. Now—we must not keep her. Mr. Leatherdale, I ask you, solemnly, in the name of this Spirit—if you desire the proposed union to take place. Stop! Do not reply at once. Wait."

The figure rose. Madge turned on the electric lights. The figure pushed aside part of the veil and showed a face—a human face—one could believe a living face. The gleaming eyes might be called threatening: the look was angry. At the sight of that face Mr. Leatherdale started up, groaned, recoiled, and caught at the back of his chair. When he recovered the figure was gone.

"Is the proposed union to take place?" Robin asked again.

Mr. Leatherdale made no reply: he glared wildly about the room.

"Is the proposed union to take place?" Robin repeated. "Reply, man, and have done with it."

"No," the man replied.

Then Robin took him by the arm and led him out. "You will find her," he said, "outside, in the porch. You'll catch it, I'm afraid."

the name they bear it is certain that during the present season Bach is a composer whom they do not delight to honour. The programme of their April concert consists entirely of works by Brahms, chiefly, one supposes, because in the eyes of some strange judges Brahms is considered to be a sort of modern avatar of Bach, and on this recent occasion the concert consisted, with the one exception of a small Bach cantata, of Stanford's "Requiem" and Dr. Parry's Variations in E minor. Professor Stanford, of course, conducted his Festival work, which again was found to be the ingenious and clever composition we have before in these columns declared it to be. It would be claiming too much for it to assert that it is throughout a feeling or sympathetic musical version of this tremendous libretto, for, indeed, it would be almost miraculous to look for that. Modern thought and feeling are out of touch with the sentiment of the Roman Catholic "Requiem," and Professor Stanford scarcely feels its inspiration interiorly, to judge from his music. The interpretation was not particularly good, much of the choral singing lacking both spirit and unanimity.

Under the direction of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the Philharmonic Society, on Thursday of last week, gave its

Davies took his place, playing a Chopin concerto in quite her best style. Miss Clara Butt sang Goring Thomas's "O, my heart is weary"—when are we going to say farewell to this hackneyed and sentimental song?—and Mr. Hamish MacCunn conducted his ballet-music from "Diarmid" with coolness and distinction. Renewed acquaintance with the last-named confirms the favourable impression which this dance music made at Covent Garden.

The Crystal Palace concerts were resumed on Saturday under Mr. Manns's direction with conspicuous success. Herr Joachim played in the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, and he also gave a well-known Bach. He seemed a little uncertain at the beginning of the concerto, but he played the second part of the slow movement with great distinction, and in the *Allegro Vivace* movement of the finale he was in his most brilliant and superb form. The vocalist was Madame Alva, whose powerful and penetrating voice was heard to much advantage in the difficult "Ritorni, vincitori!" from "Aida," but not quite so successfully in Bellini's once famous but very much worn-out "Casta Diva." The Siegfried Idyll of Wagner was played exquisitely but too slowly, and a fine performance of Beethoven's First Symphony gave additional interest to a concert of the greatest distinction.

WITH THE BRITISH EXPEDITION FROM ACCRA TO THE GOLD COAST HINTERLAND.

From Photographs by Lieutenant F. Henderson, D.S.O., in Command of the Mission.



BUILDING THE HAUSA LINES AT WA, 120 YARDS FROM FORT: FIRST STAGES.



BUILDING THE HAUSA LINES AT WA: HUTS NEARLY COMPLETED.



THE HAUSA LINES AT KUMASI, ON THE BANTAMA ROAD.



A MO HUT, AMANSARA.



ENTRANCE TO CHIEF'S COMPOUND AT NASA, DAGARTI.



LIEUTENANT HENDERSON'S CAMP AT MALUE, ON THE ROAD TO BUALÉ.



ABU BUKARI DEMBA'S SOFA ESCORT AT BUALÉ: RIFLES PILED.
*These rifles are some we gave them a good many years ago at Sierra Leone, and bear the date 1866.
I took the photo while I sat and talked to Abu.*



A FETISH-HOUSE AT JEIMA, ON THE UKORANZA KINTAMPO ROAD.
This is a very good specimen of an Ashanti hut; the road is on the right.

WITH THE BRITISH EXPEDITION FROM ACCRA TO THE GOLD COAST HINTERLAND.

From Photographs by Lieutenant F. Henderson, D.S.O., in Command of the Mission.



PALAUER WITH ABU BUKARI DEMBA, THE SON OF SAMORY'S PRIEST, SENT TO BUALÉ AS A MESSENGER (THE WHITE FIGURE IS ABU).



BARBATU BEING TOLD HE MUST NOT RAID GURUNSI (BARBATU IS RIGHT-HAND FIGURE AT BOTTOM OF TREE).

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Poems of Bacchylides. Edited by F. G. Kenyon. British Museum and its agents, Henry Frowde.)

Christina Rossetti. A Biographical and Critical Study. By Mackenzie Bell (Hurst and Blackett.)

Spanish John. By William McLennan. (Harper.)

The Scourge-Stick. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Heinemann.)

In "The Poems of Bacchylides" the British Museum has made an acquisition fully rivalling if not surpassing the memorable discoveries of Aristotle's lost treatise on the Republic of Athens, and the Mimes of Herondas, both so recently given to the world by the same institution and under the same competent editorship. Scarcely any man since the revival of letters has had so much good fortune as Mr. Kenyon, nor has any generation so enriched the world with recoveries of lost classics as our own. The discovery of Bacchylides is extremely welcome in so far as he is enrolled among the nine chief lyric poets of Greece, although it must be admitted that (with the possible exception of Pindar on the ground of so much of him being already extant) he is the last of the nine who would have been chosen on the score of his reputation. This modest reputation, nevertheless, is more than justified by these specimens of his poetry, which include twenty odes, some in an extremely fragmentary condition on account of the lacerated state of the papyrus, which had been divided among a number of Arabs. With marvellous skill and diligence Mr. Kenyon has pieced these fragments together, and by his own acumen, aided by the suggestions of many eminent scholars, has done wonders in filling up lacunæ and presenting a generally intelligible text. Fourteen of the twenty pieces are odes on victories in the public games in the manner of the poet's rival and contemporary, Pindar; but the other six "reveal, for the first time, complete examples of poems of a public or festal character, other than epinikian." The most important are a paean in praise of Theseus, relating an adventure of his with Minos, and a dialogue between Ægeus and Medea, describing Theseus's first appearance as a hero and slayer of robbers. Both of them, fortunately, are nearly perfect, and, together with two or three of the more important of the other division, give Bacchylides a very respectable rank as a poet. "His merits," says Mr. Kenyon with justice, "are merits rather of art than of invention. He has lucidity, grace, picturesqueness, and an easy command of rhythm. He has a strong sense of natural beauty. If he cannot take rank with the greatest of Greek poets, he is yet a true poet and artist, characteristically Greek in his qualities, the recovery of whose works is a real addition to the world's literature."

In compiling his interesting and very welcome volume, Mr. Mackenzie Bell has striven valiantly to make the most of scanty material at his command, but it must be confessed that the result of his labour of love would have been more satisfactory had he striven less. Alarmed at the paucity of incident in Miss Rossetti's life, he has pressed into service domestic details and commonplace little letters so trivial in character as to be almost unbecoming—if anything connected with so fine a nature as Christina Rossetti's could be that. Notes on the charges at seaside lodgings which she engaged or sought to engage for friends, merely distract the attention from the more serious matter in hand, and there is much—at any rate, as much as is ever likely to be known—that is really important in Mr. Bell's book. We learn, for instance, that the hand of this remarkable woman was twice sought in marriage, each time by a man of eminence in the artistic and literary world in which the Rossettis lived, but that both offers were refused on grounds of religious scruple—the second, at least, with a regret which served to heighten the inborn austerity of Miss Rossetti's mind. Other interesting glimpses of the woman are given—her school-keeping days with her mother, first in London and then at Frome, in the straitened years of the family resources; her great devotion to her mother and her brother, Dante Gabriel; her spiritual friendships with Mr. Littledale and the Rev. Alfred Gurney. All these things and much else will interest the dead poet's large circle of admirers, but not once in the many letters which the book includes do we get a moment's revelation of "that ultimate heart's occult abode" from which Christina Rossetti has permanently enriched our literature. All self-expression this curiously ascetic woman kept for her verse and her religious prose. In real life, notwithstanding her great capacity for personal devotions, she seems never to have departed from her conscious or unconscious ideal of lofty reticence. This Mr. Bell has realised. He gives us the few facts and leaves the poet's personality where it stood. Another biographer might have brought more imaginative insight to his task, but the picture might then have lost in truthfulness. Mr. Mackenzie Bell is cordially to be thanked for his self-denying ordinance of tact. The value of his book is enhanced by a number of portraits and an elaborate bibliography.

Instead of reading a romance, which is all that Mr. McLennan offers, you might be wandering through one of the delightful old diaries resurrected by the Scottish History Society. The title-page of "Spanish John" reveals

in a quaint spun-out sub-title, which describes the book as a "Memoir, now first published in complete form, of the Early Life and Adventures of Colonel John McDonnell, known as 'Spanish John,' when a Lieutenant in the Company of St. James of the Regiment of Ireland, in the service of the King of Spain, operating in Italy." The story, which originally appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, throws a vivid light on the life of a Highland soldier of fortune, and on the general muddle that ensued after Culloden—a period that offers great scope to the romancer, who might well take up the shadowy Court of the vagabond King at St. Germain, sketched by Lord Rosebery the other day. The book is beautifully illustrated by M. F. de Myrbach.

Mrs. Campbell Praed, writing upon the quaint text—
... I have seen my little boy oft scourge his top,
And compared myself to 't: nought made me e'er go right
But Heaven's scourge-stick,

has given us a singularly powerful study of a woman who fails in everything—even in virtue—only to "rise on stepping-stones of her dead self to higher things." Her first failure, a disastrous stage fiasco, leads naturally and all but inevitably to the rest, since she grasps desperately the only hand held out to her when sinking in deep waters—that of a *roué* so *blasé* as to take a sensual and even Assyrian pleasure in the infliction and contemplation



Photo Elliott and Fry.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XXXVIII.—MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED.

Mrs. Campbell Praed, whose new novel, "The Scourge-Stick," is reviewed in these columns, was born in Queensland, where her father, Mr. Murray-Prior, a well-known settler, took a prominent part in Australian politics, and was Postmaster-General in several Queensland Ministries. She married a nephew of the poet Praed, and passed some years on an island off the Queensland coast. Her first novel, "An Australian Heroine," appeared in 1880, and she has since won a widespread popularity with "Policy and Passion," "Nadine," "Moloch," "Affinities," "The Head Station," "Mrs. Tregaskiss," and other stories, many of which contain vivid pictures of the bush life which their author knows so well. Mrs. Praed has also collaborated with Mr. Justin McCarthy in "The Right Honourable" and "The Ladies' Gallery," and a dramatic version of her novel "The Bond of Wedlock" was produced by Mrs. Bernard Beere under the title of "Ariane" some years ago.

of tortures. The sight of the suffering he inflicts upon his hapless wife—the heroine of "The Scourge-Stick"—is especially sweet to him, because of her illicit amour with the son of his greatest enemy. This intrigue he encouraged in order to keep his wife for ever on the rack under his eyes, and in order to have, in the illegitimate offspring of the amour, a poisoned poniard which he can turn continually in the wound. In a word, he is a devil incarnate, or, which comes to the same thing, an avatar, as a friend of his suggests, of one of the worst of the Roman Emperors. He ensures that his hate should survive himself by a will in which he takes the child out of his mother's control and places him in that of a villainous Jew, who had many motives for ruining the boy in mind, body, and estate. There is, however, one legal mode of restoring to the mother the guardianship of the child, which this Jewish lawyer has the good feeling to suggest to her—the wrecking of the private and public life of its true father! An Æschylean situation, as this gentleman, who is un-Semitic only in his passion for Greek art, truly calls it. It is complicated by the fact that the real father of the boy becomes heir to the vast estate in the event of the will of his putative father being thus invalidated. It is not often that a Gordian knot of such ingenious intricacy is presented to the novel-reader. How it is untied or cut we must leave the reader to discover for himself, promising him all the pleasure that a succession of strong, natural, and exciting situations can give.

PLAYS IN PRINT.

Summer Moths. A Play in Four Acts. By William Heinemann. (Lane.)
Macaire. A Melodramatic Farce in Three Acts. By W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson. (Heinemann.)
Godefroi and Yolande. A Medieval Play in One Act. By Laurence Irving. (Lane.)
The Princess and the Butterfly; or, The Pantomime. A Comedy in Four Acts. By Arthur W. Pinero. (Heinemann.)
The Pinero Birthday Book. Selected and arranged by Myra Hamilton. (Heinemann.)
The Great French Triumvirate. Rendered into English Verse by Thomas Constable. (Downey.)
The Theatrical "World" of 1897. By William Archer. (Walter Scott.)
Dramatic and Musical Law. By A. A. Strong, LL.B. (Era Office.)

The fashion of the printed play is bringing the footlights to the fireside in a manner that an older generation despaired of seeing. Mr. Heinemann has written a very poignant play, a distinct advance on "The First Step." It is the bald tragedy of the dishonourable son of an honourable soldier, and the wrecking of a proud family through the vicious idleness of a heartless youth. There is no humour in it, it is crude, but it rings true, and does not try to escape the logical conclusion. So far from meriting the Censor's blue pencil, it is sombre. "Macaire," on the other hand, is a daring exposition of the humour of blackguardism such as the two collaborators revelled in when they pictured Deacon Brodie and Admiral Guinea. It is written with rare charm, in which the cadences of prose might pass for poetry. Nothing could be better than the effrontery of Macaire, unless it be the ballades of Villon, whose genius Stevenson was one of the first English writers to appreciate. "Would you have me define honesty?" asks Macaire. "The strategic point for theft. With honesty for my spring-board, I leap through history like a paper-hoop, and am out among posterity heroic and immortal!"

The letter of Mr. Laurence Irving's play is gloomy; the spirit of it is inspiring in a high degree. When he wrote it he must have risen from reading Maeterlinck, for there is something of the same shadowy illusiveness in which the Belgian delights. Yolande, the beautiful, with all the court at her feet, is stricken one day with leprosy; and her household desert her in horror. One only of her train stays behind. This is Godefroi, her humble Master Clerk. But he loves her, and when the hermit comes to drive her out among her unclean kind, Godefroi, abandoning his mother and his home, goes with Yolande. There is a fascinating horror about the play, especially where Yolande is left deserted by all her house, and when she is driven forth into the wilderness of the uncleanly world; but all that is lifted into the atmosphere of humanity and duty by Godefroi's great sacrifice. The play is written with a real sense of literary form. Are "dawn" and "born" meant to rhyme on page 53?

"The Princess and the Butterfly" is too recent to need the praise of the bookman. It surely speaks the highest flight of Mr. Pinero's intellectual and literary achievement, and it certainly makes delightful reading. The "Birthday Book" which his stepdaughter, Miss Myra Hamilton, has compiled is capitally done. Thus, for May 24, we have the quotation "The Queen!" from "Sweet Lavender." For May 26, which is the Duchess of York's birthday, we have the line from the play just printed, "May I wish you many happy returns of the day, Princess?" The volume is accompanied by an excellent portrait of Mr. Pinero. Mr. Constable has taken as the typical work of "The Great French Triumvirate," the "Polyeucte" of Corneille (1643) the "Misanthrope" (1666) and the "Tartuffe" (1667) of Molière, and the "Athalie" of Racine (1691). His verse translation reads well, and his introductions display an individual point of view that is interesting rather than a dull summary of fact what can be got elsewhere. The volume is admirably printed by Messrs. Constable's Edinburgh namesake.

The fifth issue of the *Theatrical "World"* shows Mr. Archer in all his old enthusiasm for the playhouse, despite the perpetual disappointments which the contemporary drama must bring him. The present issue is remarkable for a chapter of theatre statistics dealing with the years 1893-97, during which time plays of English authorship ran 2835 weeks, against the 780 weeks when non-English pieces were running. Of these French plays had the longest run, 534 weeks being devoted to them; while American occupied 196 weeks. Mr. H. A. Jones has written ten, Mr. Grundy eight, Mr. Pinero seven, and Mr. L. N. Parker six plays. Mr. Jones had the longest run—107 weeks; Mr. Pinero came in second with 90, while Mr. Grundy had 116 weeks—69 of which were devoted to original plays of his, and 47 to adaptations from the French. Mr. Barrie, with only three plays, had a good run—53 weeks. Shakspeare had a very fair spell with 97 weeks; while other plays of the past were acted for 70 weeks. Mr. Grundy contributes a capital preface to the volume, in which, while differing irrevocably from Mr. Archer, he praises the critic of the *World* as the man we all respect. Mr. Hibbert adds the usual synopsis of playbills. Why does he not give the name of the acts?—an omission that the *Era* also habitually makes. At the tail-end of this pile of theatre literature comes Mr. Strong's *résumé* of dramatic and musical law. That is the prosaic foundation on which the playhouse rests, and dull as it may be to the ordinary reader it is a very necessary part of the great structure. Mr. Strong states the whole case very clearly, and if theatrical law were better understood, a great amount of trouble would be saved.



COASTING IN NEW ENGLAND ON DOUBLE RUNNERS.



"ACTION" EXERCISE ON BOARD H.M.S. "AUSTRALIA."

Drawn by W. H. Overend.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The taking of the oath in English courts of law is a proceeding which is more or less familiar to readers who dwell south of the Tweed. The oath is gabbled over by a court functionary, and the witness is then supposed to "kiss the book," which book, as a rule, is a dirty Testament, greasy with the fingers of hundreds of witnesses, and impregnated with microbes, to say nothing of the bacilli of disease which may have landed on the volume from the lips of ailing persons. Experts in swearing, I believe, hold the book in their right hand, with the thumb on their own side, so that when asked to kiss the Testament they kiss their thumb instead. With all deference for the English mode of oath-taking, I venture to think that the recent, I might almost say the perennial, outcry against it is amply justified on sanitary grounds. It is by no means a nice idea that of kissing a dirty book, in the first place; and if there is any solemnity at all involved in the act of taking an oath, I hold that such reverence for the function is not likely to be maintained by the vicarious fashion in which the ceremony is performed in English courts. The dweller south of the Tweed ought to know by this time that if he elects to be sworn in a much more impressive and, what is more to the point, in a cleanly fashion, he should insist on being sworn *more Scottico*.

In a Scottish court the Judge administers the oath. He directs the witness to raise his right hand and to repeat the words of the oath after him. The wording is appropriate. It runs as follows: "I swear, by Almighty God, and as I shall answer to God at the great Day of Judgment, that I will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." There is no book-osculation or gabbling of the oath. It is all as solemn a ceremony north of the Tweed as need be, and it is to the credit of the English law that it has allowed those who live under it to substitute for the English oath a much safer (in a sanitary sense) and, I venture to add, more impressive ceremony. These remarks are prompted by the receipt of a letter from a medical man, who urges upon me the desirability of making people acquainted with the difference between the formula north and south of the Tweed, and with the superiority of the Scottish observance from a hygienic standpoint. I need not say that I comply with my correspondent's request most willingly.

The next exploring expedition, which it is highly probable will be organised from these shores, will have for its aim the exploration of the Antarctic regions. The Royal Society recently held a special meeting at which many distinguished men spoke in favour of such an expedition being organised. Admiral Sir W. Wharton hit the mark when he urged that such an expedition should be undertaken under naval discipline, and the success of the *Challenger* cruise might have been alluded to in confirmation of the view that a naval expedition, properly equipped at the country's expense, would enjoy the best chance of successful exploration. I have been much impressed with the remarks of Sir A. Geikie made as a contribution to the elucidation of the subject at the Royal Society meeting. He urged that many important geological problems could only be solved by such an enterprise. Not only could definite information be obtained concerning ice and ice-action, for the Antarctic ice-cap is the largest in the world, but the examination of the nature of the rocks which prevail in the region, and the determination of the extent to which the fossil-bearing rocks can be traced towards the Poles, represent matters of extreme interest to geological science. Dr. Nansen thinks it would not be very difficult to reach the Antarctic Continent. The thickness of the ice sheet he set down at 20,000 feet. Then, problems of gravity and of terrestrial magnetism could be solved in the course of such an expedition, so that everyone interested in the progress of knowledge may well approve of the combined action of scientific societies everywhere in urging upon Government the duty of undertaking this research.

In the *Lancet* Dr. Burton-Fanning has published a paper which should attract the attention of people outside the ranks of the medical profession. He writes of the open-air treatment of consumption in England, and gives the results of experiments carried out at Cromer, at the Convalescent Home of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital. In 1895 six patients were sent there to undergo the treatment in question. A shelter in the open air, similar to those seen at Davos and elsewhere, was erected, while a verandah and summer-house are also available for the housing of the patients. In these shelters patients pass the whole day, from 8.30 a.m., resting on long chairs, well wrapped up and protected from chill. On warm nights they have remained out of doors till ten. No special risk of lung-inflammation, pleurisy, or other troubles is now feared by Dr. Burton-Fanning; and the patients themselves have discovered their lessened risk of cold under the open-air treatment. The results, so far, are encouraging. Dr. Burton-Fanning's remarks are most apt when he points out that in the ordinary home-treatment of phthisis it is impossible to carry out the open-air system; and it is no less an important feature of that system that patients carry away with them to their homes "a most intelligent comprehension of the virtue of fresh air," while they act as missionaries of hygiene, in that they endeavour "to shake the rooted objections of other sufferers to pure air."

If at home, and in suitable resorts, consumptives can be treated on the principle carried out at Davos Platz and elsewhere, everybody, I am sure, will rejoice exceedingly. Something of this kind, I noted in this column, is also practised at Bournemouth; and it is to be hoped our medical men will speedily awaken to the necessity for a fair trial of the open-air system, and impress on wealthy people the need for constructing and endowing sanatoria of this description in suitable resorts. All the same, we must not forget that it was Davos Platz and like resorts which first taught the value of dry, pure air in consumption. I may add that I am still waiting for that "little cheque" required to build an English hospital up in the Alpine valley.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

K T MACDONALD (Westgate).—We fear you are a long way off winning any reward for No. 2811. If 1. Kt to K 6th (ch), cannot Black play 1. K takes P?

J K M (Repton).—Your problem is somewhat weak; the better day was not accompanied by the better deed. The other problem you have not solved.

J BARTON (Liverpool).—Thanks for problem and slips. We are unfortunately short of space this week, but we hope to make use of your kindly volunteered information at some future time.

JEFF ALLEN (Oriental Club).—It shall appear shortly.

BRIAN HARLEY.—Problem to hand, but it is too simple for publication.

H. V. (Hamburg).—There is a mate in two more moves.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2804 received from Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah); of Nos. 2805 and 2806 from Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah), and Thomas Devlin (Arcata, Cal.); of No. 2809 from Peter Grant (Macduff); of No. 2810 from Alan Margetts (Chatteris), D Newton (Lisbon), Peter Grant (Macduff), and John Mailey (Stony Stratford); of No. 2811 from J Harnett, D Newton (Lisbon), E G Boys, G Lill (Gringley), Peter Grant (Macduff), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), G Birnbach (Berlin), and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

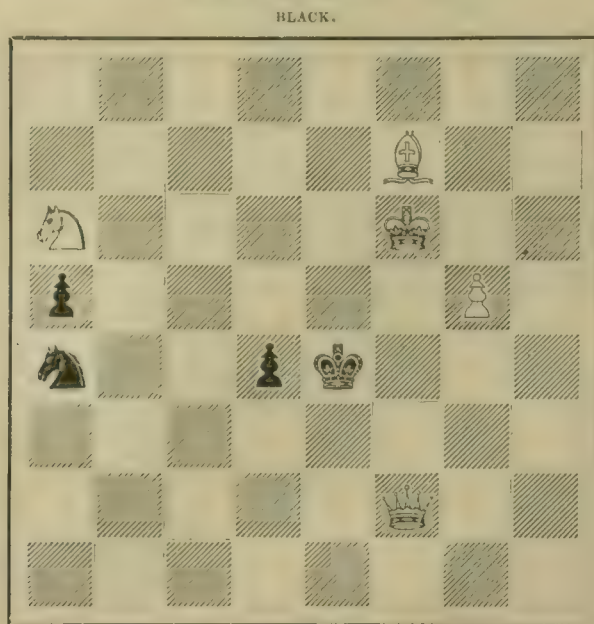
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2812 received from Edith Corser (Reigate), E B Poord (Cheltenham), Alpha, G Hawkins (Cam'erswell), Henry Plumb (Wotton-under-Edge), T G (Ware), F Cartwright, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), E G Boys, Edward J Sharpe, C E Perugini, A G Reynolds (Manchester), J Lake Ralph (Purley), A P A (Bath), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Sorrento, L Desanges, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), Dr F St, Brian Harley (Saffron Walden), Shadforth, Henry Orme (Bristol), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Julius Richter (Brunn), R Worters (Canterbury), J Bailey (Newark), Captain Spencer, Jeff J Allen, E Bacon (Finchley), G Birnbach (Berlin), T C D (Dublin), B F, Professor C Wagner (Vienna), M A Eyre (Folkestone), and G Savill.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2811.—By H. F. W. LANE.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to K 6th K to B 5th
2. Q to B 3rd (ch) K takes Q
3. Kt to K 2nd, mate.

If Black play 1. K to Kt 5th, 2. Kt takes P (ch); if 1. B takes Kt, 2. R takes B; and if 1. Any move, then 2. Kt takes P (ch) and mate next move.

PROBLEM No. 2814.—By C. DAHL.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS AT CAMBRIDGE.

Game played between Messrs. W. H. GUNSTON and H. S. LEONARD.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	15. Kt to B 7th (ch)	K to Q sq
2. Q to K 2nd	P to Q 4th	16. Q takes R	Kt takes Q
3. P to K B 4th	Q Kt to B 3rd	17. Kt takes R	B to B 6th
4. P to B 3rd	Q to K 2nd	18. K R to Kt sq	B to Q 3rd
		19. B to Kt 2nd	Q B takes B
		20. R takes B	B takes B
		21. P takes B	K to B sq
		22. Castles	K to Kt sq
		23. R to Q 7th	
			The winning move.
		24. R takes B P	K takes Kt
		25. P to B 5th	K to Kt sq
		26. P takes P	Kt to Q 3rd
		27. R to B 6th	P takes P
		28. K R takes P	K to B sq
		29. R to B 7th (h)	K to B sq
		30. R to K 6th	Kt to Q 2nd
		31. K R to K 7th	Kt to Q 4th
		32. R takes P	R takes P
		33. R takes P	Resigns.

Black hardly deals in the best way with this peculiar variation of the French. He should develop by either P to Q 4th, P to Kt 3rd, or P to Q Kt 3rd.

A very interesting position. If takes P, no doubt White would play Kt to Kt 5th, with a fine attack, in spite of the exchange which follows.

It is not clear what Black hoped to gain.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Messrs. F. J. MARSHALL and J. W. SHOWALTER.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	16. Q to B 5th	K R to K sq
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	17. P to B 4th	Q to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	18. Q to Kt 5th	Kt to Q 5th
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	19. B takes Kt	P takes B
5. P to K 3rd	Castles	20. P to Q 5th	Q to K 2nd
6. Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd		
7. R to B sq	P to Q B 3rd		
8. P takes P	P takes P		
		21. Q takes Q	R takes Q
		22. P to Q 6th	Rt takes Kt
		23. P takes R	Kt takes P
		24. Q R to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 6th
		25. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Kt 5th
		26. Kt to K 2nd	P to B 6th
		27. Kt to Q 4th	R to Q sq
		28. Kt to B 2nd	
			The complications here are very pretty, especially in Kt takes P.
		29. R to B 5th	P to Q R 4th
		30. R takes P	R takes P
		31. P to Q R 3rd	R to Q Kt 3rd
		32. R takes P	P takes P
		33. R to Q Kt sq	P to Kt 3rd
			Resigns.

Some players continue here Kt takes P, but as Black's Pawn is well defended, and the diagonal is opened for the Queen's Bishop, the move here adopted is worthy of consideration.

The object of this move is to get a strong Pawn attack on the Queen's wing.

Threatening at once Kt takes P, which would win.

The winner is the young prodigy of the Brooklyn Chess Club, being still in his teens.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES* and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dean Farrar has been preaching a course of sermons before the University of Cambridge. In one he has made no fewer than sixteen poetical quotations. He referred to Robert Browning as perhaps the greatest moral teacher in this age, and went on to say, "In worldly things he was anything but prosperous. He lived for years on the barest competence. He had many trials; he received all through his manhood scarcely any appreciation, and not a penny of profit. He was subject till the end to the vulgar sneers of an ignoble and conceited ignorance, yet I never knew a happier man."

Great bitterness is being shown in the Nonconformist papers at the support given to the proposed Roman Catholic University by the Liberal papers of London. One journal says: "These are the men who flirt alternately with the Pope and with the doubtful heroines of the music-hall. They are utterly out of touch with the whole Liberal party."

The new Bishop of Stepney is considered a great addition to the preaching power of the Cathedral. His four sermons preached thus far have yielded practical results, several sums of money having been sent by hearers.

The Bishop of Manchester has been speaking in favour of the Girls' Friendly Society. He says it has been submitted to the sharpest tests, and comes out of the ordeal unscathed. One might say that it had become a permanent institution of the Church of England. It was a useful and necessary auxiliary.

It is pointed out that the Church of England stands better in the country than in towns. The number of communicants in England and Wales is only 6.47 per cent. of the population, but in rural districts things are better. Hereford stands first with 12.06 per cent., then comes Oxford with 11.45, Chichester with 10.28, and Bath and Wells with 10.24. Chichester is the most Liberal of the dioceses.

The temperance work of the Church of England is not in a healthy state. The number of adult abstaining members has fallen from 155,252 to 132,391, while the non-abstaining members, who once reached the total of 47,994, are now only 42,795.

One of the Methodist papers supports the *Spectator's* suggestion that Sir Henry Fowler should be chosen as the leader of the Liberal party. It complains that there is about him a certain timidity and inactivity which has occasionally exposed him to much criticism. But it maintains that he is the man to rally the Nonconformists. Sir Henry Fowler has been taking part in the dedication of Wesley's house at City Road, and has repudiated the idea that Wesleyan Methodism can be turned into a political organisation.

In his book on the Epistle to the Ephesians Canon Gore criticises somewhat severely Dr. Hort's posthumous book on the "Christian Ecclesia." Professor Armitage Robinson, of Cambridge, makes a spirited reply in the *Guardian*, and Professor Sunday also comes to the rescue. He thinks that Canon Gore and his friends should consider the "Christian Ecclesia" not so much in reference to the logic of their own system as in the influence it is calculated to have on those who approach the subject from a different standpoint, and the extent to which it helps to establish a common ground for the two parties.

Canon Carr, of Dublin, is to publish a memoir of the late Archbishop Benson. This will not in any way supersede the authorised memoir which is in the care of Mr. Arthur Benson. It can only deal with the materials open to the general public.

Memorial windows are to be put up in Littlemore Church, which was built by John Henry Newman in memory of Newman, Isaac Williams, W J. Copeland, and others closely associated with the church.

The Radical parson, Mr. Fillingham, of Hexton, is going to Japan till August, but he promises when he comes back to initiate a movement which will result in so great a scandal that the hands of the Bishop of London will be forced, and he will be obliged to act.

The S.P.C.K. celebrations were successful, although few Bishops attended, and all the Canons of St. Paul's were absent from the morning service. Fifty years ago the subscriptions were £3000 better than they are now, but a very large work is being done, more than eight and a half millions of S.P.C.K. publications being circulated every year.

The Religious Tract Society celebrates its centenary next year, and hopes to raise a fund which will in a manner secure the society in possession of its home in St. Paul's Churchyard and Paternoster Row.

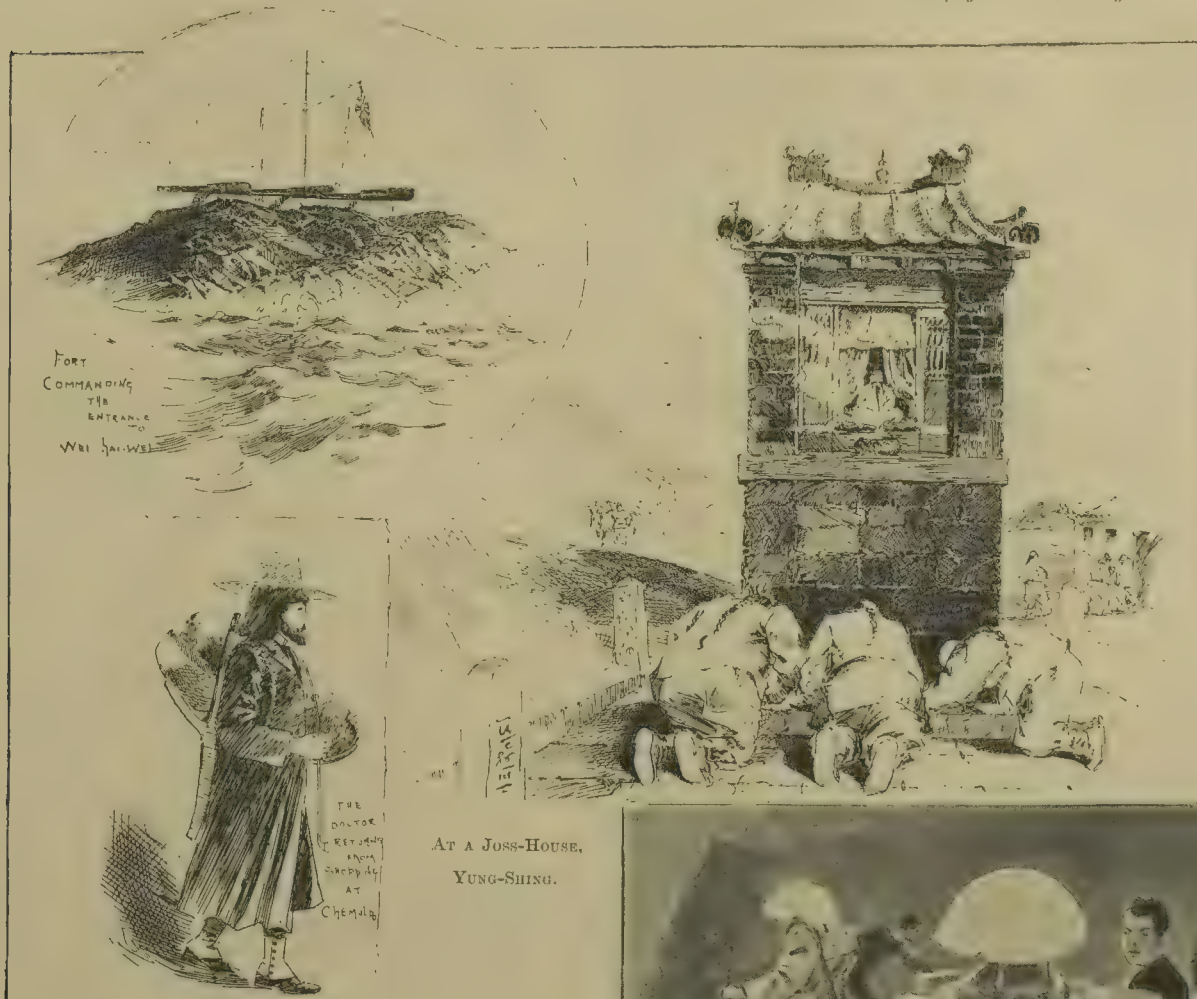
The Archbishop of Ontario celebrated his ministerial jubilee on July 16. He went to Canada as a missionary in 1849. An attempt is being made to raise £20,000 to place the funds in his diocese on a sound basis. The Marquis of Lorne, at a meeting held to promote this cause, said he knew that many of the Canadian clergy lived in houses that no English squire would consider good enough for his gamekeeper.

The Free Church Council has prepared a new catechism expressing substantially the common faith of all the Evangelical Churches. The chief author is Principal Dykes, the head of the Presbyterian College of London. It is stated that seven-eighths of the meetings on behalf of the Free Church Council are held in Wesleyan Methodist Chapels.

At the Free Church Council in Bristol, which has been very largely attended, great complaints have been made about the attitude of the London Liberal Press to Nonconformity. The *Daily Chronicle* was specially condemned for its clerical tendencies, and Dr. Guinness Rogers said he had ceased to find any Liberal morning paper with which he was in sympathy. Under the régime of Sir J. R. Robinson and Mr. Clayden, one the son of a Congregational minister and the other a Unitarian minister, the *Daily News* was pre-eminently the Nonconformist paper. But this had ceased to be the case.



PROPOSED NEW BRIDGE AT VAUXHALL AS DESIGNED BY SIR ALEXANDER BINNIE.

From a Water-Colour Drawing by Frank M. Harvey.**KOREA, KEY TO THE YELLOW SEA.**

That singular and sequestered country, almost the Farthest East of the vast width of continent forming Europe and Asia in northern temperate regions of the globe, being, as it is, a peninsula of the North Pacific Ocean coast, in nearly the same latitude as Spain, Italy, and Turkey, seems now likely to become again, from its proximity to Siberia and to China and to the insular kingdom of Japan, the object of contention in a strife for Imperial conquest. It is really the coveted possession of Korea, left undecided by the war between Japan and China a few years ago, that has brought about the menaced violent disturbance at the present moment in the relative positions of all maritime commercial nations, but principally that of Great Britain, Russia and Germany. For when Japan, after defeating the forces of the Chinese Empire on land and on sea, would have annexed Korea, which was but a loosely attached foreign dependency of that empire, naturally much more suitable and convenient for the Japanese connection, it was Russia and Germany

that forbade the transaction. They forced China to refuse it, and to become liable, instead of that proposed cession, for the payment of a heavy war indemnity in money. The consequence, probably foreseen and calculated upon by the astute Imperial Government at St. Petersburg, has been the utter financial and administrative disorganisation of China, and her total helplessness just now to resist such acts of rapacity as the recent seizure of Kiao-Chau by the Germans, and of Port Arthur and Talien-Wan by the Russians, both of which are ports of the Yellow Sea directly opposite to Korea.

This is also the most effectual step to the Russian annexation of Korea, by which the entire control of the Yellow Sea, with direct rule over all its coasts, would be divided between the Russian and German Empires. Peking, the capital of the Chinese Empire, within a few days' march of the northern frontier, and approached from the sea only by the Gulf of Pechili and the Peiho river up to Tientsin, would fall under Russian dictation and domination; the Emperor of China becoming, like the Grand Mogul of India at Delhi in a past time, and as the Grand Turk of Constantinople may be hereafter, the mere instrument of a foreign Power. It is tolerably certain that such a political transformation would be immediately followed by the sudden breaking-off from that sovereignty, which belongs to the Manchu Tartar dynasty at Peking, of more than three-fourths of its dominions.



THE FAR EAST: SKETCHES IN KOREA.

By W. G. Littlejohns, R.N., and F. J. Roskruege, R.N.



1. General Bracket (Chief of Construction) and Colonel Domville (Inspector) examining Rock Cutting Railway, approaching the Summit of the White Pass.

2. Temporary Bridge Work, White Pass Railway: Colonel Domville suggesting Improvements.
3. Wharves at Skagway.

4. General Bracket and Colonel Domville at the Men's House Six Miles from the Start of White Pass Railway.
5. Approaching Skagway.

ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

From Photographs by Colonel Domville.

DR. J. INGRAM.

Dr. J. Ingram has been appointed Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in succession to the late Dr. Carson. Dr. Ingram, as it is easy to recall during this centenary year, is the author of the ballad "Who Fears to Speak of '98?"

STEPNEY'S NEW M.P.

Mr. W. C. Steadman has been returned as the Parliamentary representative of Stepney, in the Liberal interest, by the small majority of twenty, as against the late Mr. Wootton-Isaacson's last Conservative majority of 470. Mr. Steadman, who is forty-six years of age, has for more than a dozen years past held the office of secretary to the Bargebuilders' Union, and is, besides, a member of the London County Council, and one of its representatives on the Thames Conservancy Board, and a former Mile-End vestryman and guardian. He was returned to the County Council for Stepney the other day for the third time, his rival in the election, Major Evans-Gordon, being also his rival in the fight for the Parliamentary vacancy. Mr. Steadman has twice been an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament.

SIR GEORGE LAWSON.

Sir George Lawson, Assistant-Under-Secretary of State for War, who died last week from the after-effects of an attack of pleurisy, had spent upwards of forty years in the service of his country. A son of the late Rev. G. R. Lawson, of Pitminster, Devon, he was educated in Guernsey and at Marlborough, and obtained a clerkship in the War Office in 1855. Thereafter



DR. J. K. INGRAM.



MR. W. C. STEADMAN, M.P.

Photo Russell.



THE LATE SIR GEORGE LAWSON.

Photo C. Vandyk.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL D. H. OSBORN.

Photo Dorelun, Bruges.

he acted as Private Secretary to General Peel and Sir John Pakington during their respective tenures of office as Secretary of State for War, and subsequently served under Sir Henry Stokes in a like capacity. Twenty years ago he was made Assistant-Director of Supplies and Transport, and was soon afterwards sent to South Africa to deal with the war expenses of the Zulu Campaign. He subsequently became Deputy Accountant-General and Director of Army Contracts. He had held office as Assistant Under-Secretary for War since 1895, and his Knighthood dated only from the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

AN INDIAN VETERAN.

The death at Brussels of Colonel Danvers Henry Osborn has removed another figure from the fast diminishing band of officers who were engaged in the suppression of the Sepoy revolt of forty-one years ago. Colonel Osborn, who was the youngest son of Sir John Osborn, sixth Baronet, of Chicksands Priory, Bedfordshire, entered the Indian army in December 1845, and was attached to the 54th Regiment of Native Infantry, of which he quickly rose to be Adjutant. In 1856 he officiated as Major of Brigade at Lahore, and in the following year found himself with his corps at Delhi. On the fatal May 11 he was one of a number of white people, officers and ladies, who spent so many hours in the main guard, in weary expectation of the relief from Meerut which never came. On retiring from active employ he took service in the Bengal Police. He left India in 1864, and finally settled in Belgium, where he lived for many years, dying in his seventy-first year.



Photo Noyes, Cannes.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF A NEW PIER AT CANNES.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

To arrive in town at the present moment, when it is a mere junction of conflicting cold winds and shuttered-up houses, is to suffer some declensions of spirit inexpressible by any grammar—all the more when smiling skies and a sun that wraps you round in warmth have been left behind at a dividing distance of but twenty-four little hours; yet such



A STYLISH CLOTH GOWN.

is the cruel case of one who here inditeth. It has long been my pious belief that March at home ought to be expunged from the calendar of the intelligent minority. More than ever does the force of this reflection recur just now, when in sleet-swept streets the few venturesome stragglers to be met with are buried to the hilt—or the nose, which is the same article in this connection—in “storm-collared” furs of last November’s creation. Violets will bloom, of course, and it is unconscionable of them; Parliament will also open—I leave the discussion of that fact to politicians’ wives dragged up from cosy country houses; but from the fashion and fashionable point of view, I may be allowed to hold and express an opinion, and it is all against the spring theory—ladies papers, extended cycling hours, lamb and mint-sauce notwithstanding. In Paris it is no better. From that bird’s-eye view of the shops which one day *en passant* gives, it could be gathered that snow in the Bois and small blizzards at every street-corner are not harmonious or encouraging to outbreaks in chiffons. Of course, at the modistes of mark, eccentric accentuations of present styles are freely on view, but no new developments. This last skirt, for example, which, tight over hips and cut off all round at knee height, is then joined to a voluminous addition of the same material, is a frankly ungraceful and meaningless style, but one which we shall see more of once the weather allows us to discard wraps and walk abroad in new gowns.

Many examples of the same were shown me in Lutetian ateliers, as well as that other forthcoming visitation of the flounced and trailing skirt with which we are to sweep up the Park dust later on. To be quite modish will then indeed involve some pains and penalties to us, if profit to our laundress and dressmaker. An adaptation of the first-mentioned mode is illustrated in this number, which retains the novelty but condones the ugliness at which I have been tilting my goosequill. The offending flounce, as joined on here, is less full and less wide, while the manner in which this lighter shade of cloth is brought up apron-fashion in front and continued on bodice gives a certain style lacking in many more pronounced examples of “the latest” skirt. Two shades of plum colour compose this dress, the lighter tone being heavily braided with dark narrow purple braid. A white tulle bow enlivens the neck, and on a grey straw toque white plumes are fastened with a large jewelled buckle, a garniture of plum-coloured miroir velvet twisting itself about the crown.

It is a painful but unimpeachable fact, however, that we are reverting to the most grotesque models of early Victorian ugliness in our eagerness to get away from the shapely simplicity that has prevailed so long. In fact, if some of the present newest reproductions had been illustrated just a year since for our guidance, we should have set them aside as the mere outcome of a diseased millinery imagination. The flounce and the ruche and the be-fur-belowed skirt have grown upon us unawares, however, and judging by some of the extremest Parisian designs for

early summer, there is no counting on what monstrosities the pliant follower of fashion may not be hurried into before long. To quote one tempting forecast of frocks, for instance, which reads and looks like “a promenade costume” of the ‘forties, I find that a green and white check taffetas striped with black satin is cut up into four flounces, each headed with a ruche, which embellishment reaches to within twelve or fourteen inches of the waist. A *pélerine* of the silk decorates the bodice, which is blouse-shaped in front and tight-fitting behind, to show a sash tied at the back with bow and short straight ends, which latter are again trimmed with a ruche and fringe. This completes the lines on which this alluring costume is composed. Viewed as a Sunday best for Mercy Pecksniff it reads appropriately, but on the up-to-date girl it is difficult to place; and yet this is certainly the newest form of sartorial silliness, or prettiness, as we may call it four months hence.

Meanwhile is presented this reincarnation of the old visite to the regards of young matrons in search of an outdoor idea. It is made of white cloth under double frills of black mousseline-de-soie. The design on revers, wrought in black bébé ribbon, is effective. Frills of chiffon add a becoming fluffiness, and the white lace bow at neck corresponds to the lace wings which figure modishly at the side of a frilled black chiffon toque.

It has been given a shining light in Bond Street to discover the great panacea of foreign travel. Not an infallible remedy for mid-Channel swells and upheavals, be it understood, nor yet a completer system for the illicit importation of perfume or Tauchnitz. Something inexpressibly nearer to the feminine system than either, being nothing less than a wonderful knockabout trunk, built lightly and solidly of cane and leather, which, by a clever arrangement of sliding drawers and lockers, may be guaranteed to take an indefinite quantity of delicate chiffons, and deliver them fresh and uncrumpled at the longest journey’s end. Foot and Son, of 171, New Bond Street, are the inventors of these “Eureka” and “Imperial” trunks, and among the many additions to our modern comforts I know of none more noteworthy. Compressed cane and leather are used in Messrs. Foot’s various other specialities of trunk making—thus combining light weight and strength in such a degree as to save many impositions of “registration” to all who go far afield. Every woman, in fact, at home or abroad should be provided with a couple of “Foot’s.” SYBIL.

NOTES.

It is impossible to guess on what ground Mr. Akers-Douglas asserted in the House of Commons that the ladies who go to hear the debates themselves prefer to be half-smothered in seclusion behind a grill. A plebiscite was once taken for a few days of the ladies attending, and they were almost unanimously in favour of the removal of the bars of their cage. It is indeed a scandalously uncomfortable pen, with a dirty carpet and time-worn chairs, it is set so near the ceiling as to get the most foul air, and is so inconveniently constructed that only the few ladies in the front row can see at all without standing up or leaning forward. No rational reason is offered for objecting to the removal of the bars, which would be something towards improvement. The idea that the ladies who go habitually dress badly and would be vexed to be compelled to do otherwise, is idle talk; they do dress well, and would be pleased to dress better! As to the notion that our representatives would be moved from their duties by seeing ladies in a gallery, not only do foreign legislators find their virtue



ROYAL MARINE RIFLE ASSOCIATION CHALLENGE CUP.

This challenge cup, the handiwork of the Goldsmiths’ and Silversmiths’ Company, of Regent Street, has been presented to the Royal Marine Rifle Association by the officers past and present of the Royal Marine Corps. It has been won for the first year by the Royal Marine Artillery. The competition for this cup will be at the same time as that for the Brinsmead Shield at Bisley.

tough enough to resist any battery of female frowns and smiles, but actually the House of Lords is able to withstand the presence of visible peeresses. However, the one really satisfactory course will be to admit ladies with their male friends to the ordinary Strangers’ Gallery. Why not?

Dr. Charlotte Ellaby, who supplies a chapter on “The Care of the Eyesight during Education” to Lady Warwick’s book, is, so far as I know, the only woman surgeon who



WHITE CLOTH VISITE WITH BLACK CHIFFON FRILLS.

has made a speciality of eye complaints. The operations on the delicate organ of the sight are all of a fine and dainty character, and therefore peculiarly suitable to women. The official reports to the Government of India on the work of the women assistant-surgeons under the State (generally natives) frequently refer to the great success of those women in treating eye complaints. In India, of course, their chance comes from the fact that the women may not receive attendance from medical men—the recent riots originating in a disregard by the plague-searchers of this Indian prejudice. Miss Ellaby herself was summoned to India to operate on the eyes of a native prince’s wife, and did so successfully, receiving in grateful recompense one of the largest fees ever given to a lady practitioner.

Though English women doctors are making their way, they do not seem to have established themselves, as the American women doctors have, as “the family physician.” In the States it is quite usual for a lady doctor to be called in to the entire household as required, the father of the family included; and it is thought no more out of the way than it is here to have a strange female come to nurse the head of the house in need. Last season I met the pastor of one of the leading Brooklyn churches, who was travelling in Europe for rest on the family doctor’s recommendation, his congregation having on that recommendation presented him with a purse of money and long leave of absence; his daughter quite casually indicated in conversation that the doctor in point was a lady. “Oh, yes, mother would not feel any confidence in anybody else for father,” she said in answer to my surprise. Again, an American lady doctor told me how she had been left a legacy by a young man who had “broken a blood-vessel” in a New York hotel, and over whom she had watched with sisterly care until his death. “How did you come to attend him?” I asked. “Why, my office was the nearest to the hotel, so of course they ran for me,” she answered with perfect simplicity—the feeling that would certainly make an hotel porter here run past any number of near-by plates with the names of lady doctors when seeking one for a sick man, was evidently strange to her ideas.

On the other hand, a warm discussion is going on in Paris just now as to the desirability of entirely superseding female by male nurses for men hospital patients. Lady Priestley, it will be remembered, seemed to suggest the same change in general. In point of fact, there are nearly as many male as female nurses now employed in the Paris hospitals under the Assistance Publique. The male nurses, it is explained, are as often as not recruited from among the half-recovered patients, and are taken on by the Assistance Publique (as there are no French work-houses) rather through pity than choice. It is significant that where men nurse any ward a woman superintendent is always appointed, and that the proportion of male to female nurses is much less than it was twenty-five years ago. Though there is something to be said for male nurses for men, therefore, it does not appear that we shall shortly see women superseded in this branch of work.—F. F.-M.

£1 FOR EVERY MAN AND WOMAN IN THE KINGDOM.

£50,000,000 SUBSCRIBED.

Since the issues of the big brewery companies like Guinness's and Allsopp's, there has been no rush for shares in an industrial enterprise to equal that for the Lipton conversion. The National Bank of Scotland in Nicholas Lane, the Brokers, and Sir Thomas Lipton's own offices in City Road have been literally deluged with applications. When the lists closed on Thursday, March 10, at four o'clock, it was estimated that, exclusive of the country applications which had yet to come in from the local branches of the bank, over £40,000,000 had been subscribed. In Glasgow alone the total issue was applied for twice over, and it is believed that when the whole of the returns are completed it will be found that the subscription-list falls very little short of fifty millions sterling. The vast majority of intending shareholders applied through the post, but an enormous number of applicants attended personally at the National Bank of Scotland, and considerable difficulty was found in conducting business. So great, indeed, was the pressure on Wednesday that the adjoining premises of the Bank of Agra were taken for the accommodation of would-be subscribers. In the Scottish Bank itself a couple of rooms had to be fitted up specially where applications could be received, in order that the regular business of the bank might not be rendered impossible, as it was on the opening day. The crowd was so great that the manager of the National Bank of Scotland was obliged to engage some seventy additional clerks to enable him to cope with the rush, and these worked all night. At the offices of Lipton (Limited), in the City Road, the rush was prodigious. Five hundred extra clerks were engaged registering the shares, and even then they were barely able to keep pace with the work. Sir Thomas

Lipton himself has been literally besieged with personal applications for a share in his business. These came from all ranks in society, up to the very highest, and Sir Thomas, however anxious he might have been to have the applicants as shareholders, has been obliged to refuse scores of requests.

The number of letters received is almost inconceivable.

subscription money very often in the form of £1 banknotes. Most of the subscribers sent cheques, and a remarkable number of these have been found to be unsigned. Possibly, the drawers, in the hurry and excitement of trying to be early in the scramble for "Liptons," forgot to append the necessary signature. All cheques received in connection with the issue will be received as cash.

An important question arises as to the length of time which the money paid on shares that cannot be allotted will remain at the bankers' before it can be returned to the owners. It is obvious that where only about £1,000,000 worth of stock is available for distribution, and where nearly fifty times that amount of capital has been subscribed, there must be a very considerable delay before the tens of thousands of letters of allotment or regret can be despatched. This will entail a serious displacement of capital, £5,000,000 or £6,000,000 at least being locked up in deposits. The bankers promise to make an unusual effort to get this portion of the work in connection with the stupendous transaction disposed of rapidly, but it is pretty certain that a couple of weeks must elapse before it can be completed, and new issues of capital in the meantime will be seriously hampered. The Chinese Loan, for instance, had been fixed for March 16, but as so large an amount of capital as that mentioned is now unavailable, the authorities who have the conduct of the great Chinese Loan (£16,000,000) it is believed, have postponed the issue for a week, viz., to March 21, by which date, in all probability, the capital at present locked up will be released.

Never before has the City seen an issue attended with so much excitement as that which has characterised the conversion of Sir Thomas Lipton's gigantic business, and it will undoubtedly serve as the highest high water-mark by which to estimate the magnitude of similar enterprises in the future.



Photo H. Thiele and Co.

THE MANAGER'S OFFICE, NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND.

A vanload, some 18,000 in all, was the first delivery at the National Bank of Scotland on Wednesday morning, and 5000 more were delivered during the day. On Thursday, the first post brought 15,000, and between 3000 and 4000 came later, so that over 40,000 communications were received in the two days. Each of these missives contained cash or cheques, varying from single sovereigns to thousands of pounds. A large proportion of the letters were from Scotland and Ireland, and the applicants enclosed their



Photo H. Thiele and Co.

A PART OF THE TRANSFER OFFICE, LIPTON, LIMITED.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1893), with a codicil (dated Jan. 10, 1896), of Mr. John Thomas Nickels, of Chenotrie, Noctorum, near Birkenhead, and of Liverpool, who died on Feb. 3, was proved in London on March 3 by Walter Lanyon Nickels, the son, James Henry Beazley, the son-in-law, Mary Ellen Nickels, the daughter, and Augustus Frederick Warr, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £283,963. The testator gives £36,000, upon trust, for his three daughters, Mrs. Emmeline Beazley, Mary Ellen Nickels, and Marie Nickels; £36,000, upon trust, for his son John Tetley Nickels and his wife and family; £8000 each to his daughters Mary, Ellen, and Marie; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Beazley; £3000 Liverpool Corporation stock and £1000 Liverpool United Gas Company stock, upon trust, for each of his said three daughters; £1700 to his unmarried daughters for the purpose of providing a residence; £15,000 to all his children in equal shares; £700 to his confidential clerk, William Marwood; £1200 to his nephew, Colman Nickels; £1000 to his sister-in-law, Sarah Nickels; £300 each to his executors; £1500 and his shares in the British Steam-ship Company to James Henry Beazley; £1500 each to his grandchildren Beatrice, Ernest Henry Beazley, and Arthur Tetley Beazley; £1000 each to his other grandchildren; £500 to his former partner, Joshua William Schofield; £450 each to his nephews James, Alfred, John, and Gilbert Nickels, and other smaller legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Walter Lanyon Nickels.

The will (dated Nov. 7, 1877), with four codicils (dated Nov. 19, 1887; June 7, 1893; March 30, 1895; and Dec. 7, 1897), of Mr. John Laird, of the firm of Messrs. Laird Brothers, Birkenhead, shipbuilders, who died on Jan. 25 last, was proved at the Chester District Registry on Feb. 17 by William Laird, the brother and surviving executor, the value of the personal estate being £213,769. The testator gives £1000, his household furniture, pictures, plate, carriages and horses, and all shares standing in their joint names, to his wife, and she is also to receive the income, during her life, of his residuary estate. At her death he bequeaths £5000 each to his children, and the ultimate residue is to be divided between all his sons and daughters and the issue of any deceased child, but the shares of his sons are to be double those of his daughters. Certain sums advanced to his sons are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated Dec. 17, 1887) of the Right Hon. Henry Richard, Baron Berwick, of Attingham Park, near Shrewsbury, who died on Nov. 2 last, was proved on March 10 by Ellen Baroness Berwick, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £138,822 gross and the net nil. The testator gives everything he can by will dispose of to his wife.

The will (dated March 18, 1896) of Mr. Samuel George Claydon Sansom, of Leigham Holme, Leigham Court Road, Streatham, who died on Jan. 6, was proved on

March 2 by Mrs. Annie Sansom, the widow, William Freeman, and Harry Bevan Wedgewood Foulger, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £92,703 gross and £65,634 net. The testator gives his household furniture and effects, carriages and horses, to his wife, and during her widowhood an annuity of £700, and the income of all his copyhold property of the Manor of Lambeth; and £400 per annum, and the use of his house, 162, Kennington Road, to William Freeman, during such time as he shall act as executor and trustee. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be accumulated until his children, Annie Clarice and Samuel George, attain the age of twenty-one, when it is to be equally divided between them. But should both his children die under that age, an additional £3000 per annum is to be paid to his wife during widowhood, and the ultimate residue shared equally between William Freeman, the British Home for Incurables, the Lambeth Pension Society, and Miss Sharman's Orphan Home, Anstrul Road, Southwark.

The will (dated March 25, 1891) of Mr. Charles Harrison, M.P. for Plymouth, and Vice-Chairman of the London County Council, of 29, Lennox Gardens, South Kensington, and 19, Bedford Row, who died on Dec. 24, was proved on March 7 by William Sidney Harrison, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £65,196. The testator bequeaths £5000, the policies of insurance on his life, and his horses, carriages, pictures, plate, jewels, and personal effects to his wife, Lady Harriet Harrison, but his mother is to have the selection of any articles she may desire as mementoes. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother, William Sidney Harrison, absolutely, but he expresses a wish that the income thereof should be paid to his wife for her life; and that after her decease, the capital he derived from his father should be divided between all his brothers and sisters, and that the ultimate residue should go to his said brother.

The will (dated May 28, 1895) of Mr. William Roberts, of Elmfield House, Rotherham, who died on Dec. 26, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Feb. 24 by Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts, the widow, Frederick William Roberts, the son, and Thomas Wragg, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £32,075. The testator bequeaths £1000 and his furniture and household effects to his wife; £3000 to his son Ernest; £7000 to his daughter Eveline; £6000 to his son Frederick William; and 100 guineas each to the Rotherham Hospital and Thomas Wragg. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during her life; at her death he gives £2000 to his son Ernest, £5000 to his daughter Eveline, and the ultimate residue to his son Frederick William.

The will (dated May 8, 1893), with two codicils (dated Nov. 23, 1893, and June 21, 1894), of Mr. George Hellman, of Taena, Peru, and 18, Cornwall Road, Bayswater, who died on Feb. 3, was proved in London on Feb. 24 by William Hellman, the brother, and Sydney Hampden Peddar, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate in England being £49,255. The testator bequeaths

legacies to his executors and to godchildren; and the residue of all his property in the United Kingdom, or Peru, or any country other than California, he leaves, upon trust, as to one fifth each for his brothers, Richard Hellman and William Hellman; one fifth to Mrs. Margaret Hellman (the widow of his deceased brother Anthony); one fifth equally between C. A. M. Koppers and Mrs. Emily Stead, the two children of his deceased sister, Mrs. Koppers; and one fifth equally between Mrs. Louise Ede, Miss Charlotte Breebaart, and Mrs. Emma Kablé, the three daughters of his deceased sister, Mrs. Breebaart. The deceased made a separate will relating exclusively to his property in California. By it he bequeaths a legacy of 6000 dollars to Mrs. Ihrhorn, and in other respects the provisions are to the same effect as those of the will proved in this country.

The Irish Probate of the will (dated May 7, 1893) of Colonel Samuel Cotter Kyle, R.A., of the Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, who died on Jan. 4 last, granted to William Blacker Kyle, the sole executor, has been sealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland being £13,450. The testator devises Prospect Lodge, Ballintemple, Cork, to his nephew, Henry Russell Hardy, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male. Subject to a gift of £100 to his godchild Joan, he leaves the residue of his property as to three fourths to his sister, Mrs. Kate Cotter Hardy, and the other one fourth, upon trust, for his sister Annette Margaret Kyle for life, and then between the children of Mrs. Hardy.

The will (dated April 30, 1897), with a codicil (dated May 19, 1897), of Mr. Joseph Fessey, of Kidbrook Villa, Radford Road, Leamington, who died on Jan. 24, was proved on Feb. 18 at the Birmingham District Registry by Dr. Miles Christopher Atkinson and Henry Field, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £8102. The testator gives £300 to the Warneford Hospital (Leamington); £100 each to the Leamington Dispensary, the Great Western Railway Servants' Widows and Orphans Fund, the General Institution for the Blind (Edgbaston), the Birmingham General Hospital, the Eye Hospital (Birmingham), the Samaritan Free Hospital (Marylebone Road), the Great Northern Central Hospital (Holloway Road), the Kenilworth Convalescent Home, St. Saviour's Parochial Nursing Institution, the Surgical Aid Society (Salisbury Square, Fleet Street), and the Royal Medical Benevolent College (Epsom); £1200 Consols, upon trust, to distribute on St. Thomas's Day, 10s. each to such old and deserving poor of the parish of Byfield, Northampton, as the vicar and churchwardens of that parish shall select; and £500 Consols, upon like trusts, for the poor of Priors Hardwicke, Warwick, each poor person to receive 5s. He further gives £400 to his servant Fanny Wells; £200 to Miles Christopher Atkinson; £50 to Henry Field, and £100 and the income of all his holding in the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company to his wife, or life. At her death the said Railway stock is to go to the

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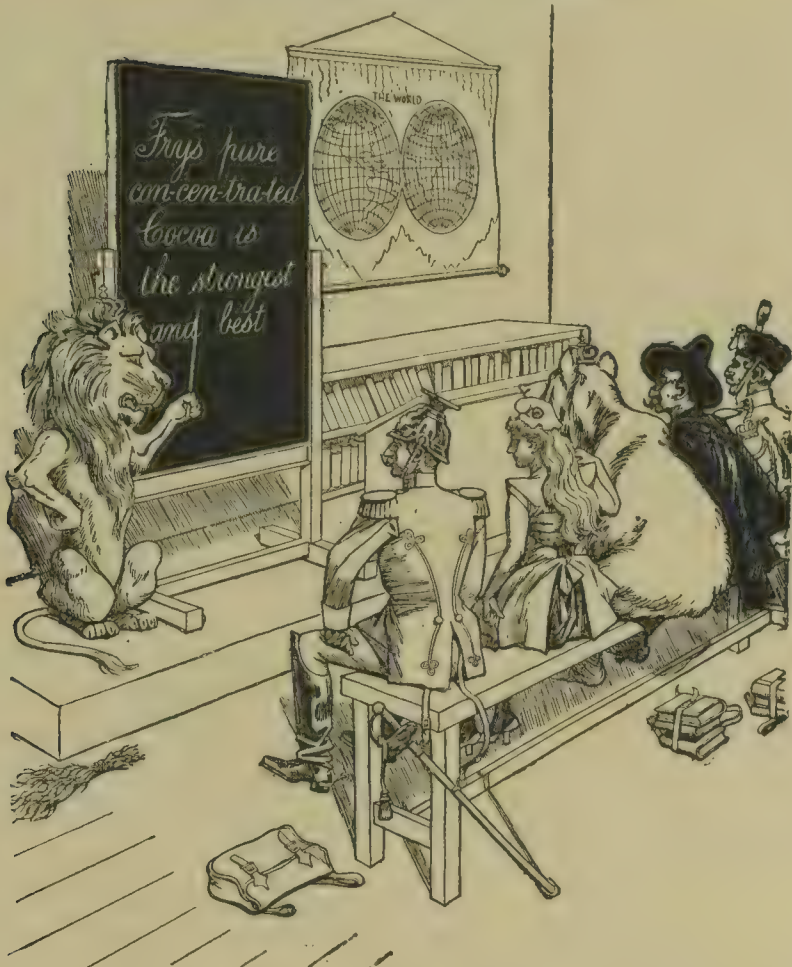
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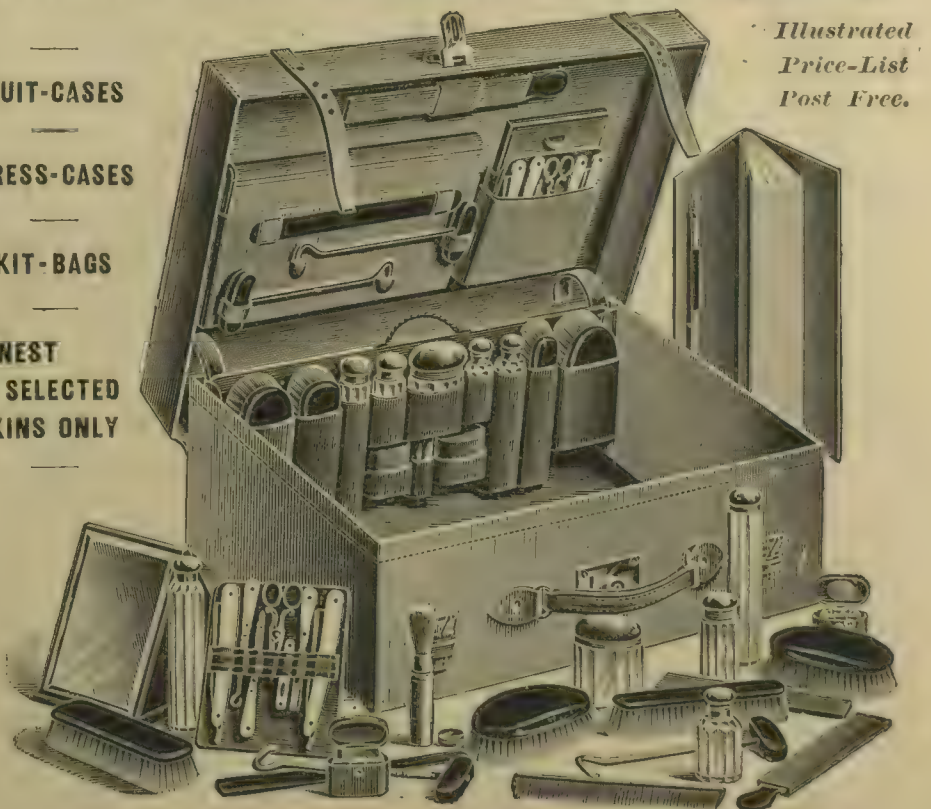
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Midland Counties Home for Incurables, Leamington. The residue of his property he leaves between the Warneford Hospital (Leamington), the Midland Counties Home for Incurables (Leamington), and the Leamington All Saints' Parish Church Completion Fund.

The will (dated Sept. 14, 1896), with a codicil (dated Sept. 25, 1897), of Mr. Robert Richardson-Gardner, D.L., of Ensbur Manor, Kinson, Wimborne, and 4, Ladbroke Square, W., for many years M.P. for Windsor, who died at Monte Carlo on Jan. 4, was proved on March 4 by Major Lionel James Richardson, the nephew, and Leslie Lathom Gedge, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £5019. The testator gives £100 and a piece of plate to Leslie Lathom Gedge; and an annuity of £52 to Emma Scott, the housekeeper of his deceased wife. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew, Major Richardson.

The will and codicil of General Sir Michael Kavanagh Kennedy, K.C.S.I., of Bourne Lodge, Farnham, who died on Feb. 1, were proved on March 7 by John Charles Barnard, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £8860.

The will, with a codicil, of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Parke Ibbetson, of 34, Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, who died on Jan. 27, was proved on March 5 by Captain Charles Villiers Ibbetson, the son and surviving executor, the value of the personal estate being £5285.

The will of Miss Leonora Lindo, of 50, Clifton Gardens, Maida Vale, who died on Feb. 9, was proved on March 3 by Elias Haim Lindo and Billah Lindo, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £4544.

ART NOTES.

Sir Frank Lockwood's sketches, at the St. James's Gallery (King Street), must not be judged by the standard of ordinary criticism. The successful barrister had no time to cultivate academically his talent for drawing, but he could use it with rare effect, while his charming disposition never allowed him to use it maliciously. If he had any enemies it would be difficult to distinguish them from his friends by the way in which he treated them on paper, and we have, therefore, in these sketches a sort of personal history of the English Bar during the too few years of Sir Frank Lockwood's successful career. To many, of course, the allusions will be somewhat obscure, but the sketches, it must be remembered, were made with no thought beyond that of the moment, and were treasured by the artist's friends rather than by himself. In the intervals of more serious work in court, his hand could be occupied in sketching judge, jury, witnesses, and counsel without for a moment his attention to his clients' interest being relaxed. The late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge—Mr. Councillor Silvertongue as he was also called—Mr. D. S. Waddy, Sir E. Clarke, Mr. Murphy, Q.C., were among the favourite subjects of Sir Frank Lockwood's genial humour. His work had no element of satire, for it was wholly without bitterness; and it is its geniality as much as its spontaneity which makes it so thoroughly attractive. The members of the Bar will

need no special incentive to pay a visit to this exhibition; and the general public should know that there are here to be found more elements of real enjoyment than exhibitions of a higher form of art often display.

The present-day mezzotint engravers have not as yet apparently formed themselves into a society or a limited liability company, after the fashion of the day. It is therefore the more creditable to Messrs. Goupil to have got together such an ample if not exhaustive collection of their work as that now being exhibited at their gallery (Bedford Street, Covent Garden). Mezzotint engraving has always enjoyed special favour in this country, and it is, thanks to its cultivation here, that we realise the full extent of Reynolds's and Gainsborough's work. From Farlow and Smith down to Samuel Cousins, among the etchers of the past, the line of workers in mezzotint was unbroken, and the present exhibition shows that two score, at least, of artists are still with us who carry on the art with more or less success. Of the works here brought together, those of Mr. Gerald Robinson, Mr. Frank Short, Mr. R. S. Clouston, Mr. John Finnie, and Mr. Herkomer are the most interesting in every way—the two last-named contributing excellent original work, not etchings after other artists' pictures. Mr. C. A. Tomkins is an instance of the pitfalls which beset an engraver, for he shows a remarkable amount of misapplied industry and real talent in reproducing a thoroughly unsatisfactory and happily unknown picture. Mr. W. Henderson, on the other hand, has been singularly lucky in his subjects, and the like may be said of Mr. Appleton, Mr. F. Stapoole, and Mr. D. E. Wehrschmidt, while Mr. George Clausen shows how much artistic merit can be obtained by original work in this branch of art.

Miss Kate Greenaway, having revolutionised frocks and fashions for children at home and abroad, has of late years too sedulously effaced herself and her art. She has conferred upon all sections of society such claims to our gratitude by making our children more bewitching than even Nature intended that one is glad to meet with her under such pleasant auspices as the collection of her water-colour drawings at the Fine Art Society's Gallery (New Bond Street) affords. By this time we know pretty well the limitations of the artist's skill, her daintiness and grace, her complete understanding of the "best points" in a child, and her skilful draughtsmanship, to which the present collection bears abundant testimony. No one expects, or has the right to expect, from Miss Kate Greenaway the depicting of dramatic incident or passionate feeling. In fact, in the rare instances where she attempts to render even an excited mother's reproaches she fails to be impressive, and still more clearly does this incapacity show itself in such complicated groups as "Gleaners Going Home" (67) or the more meaningless "Fugitives" (96), who have apparently decided to go over the very top of a hill in order to show themselves against the sky-line, and then to go down again. It is in such charming delineations of childish

naïveté as "Miss Green Ribbons," "Point Your Toe," and "Dorcas" that Miss Greenaway is quite at her best, and consequently inimitable. She may fairly claim to have devised an art style of her own, and although she has attracted many followers and imitators she still retains her place as the fairy queen who renders children lovable and attractive, and who awakens in the careless observer an enthusiasm for the little ones of which he probably thought himself incapable.

Mr. Thorne Waite has only one serious rival in his obvious desire to occupy, in public estimation, the place of painter of the Sussex Downs, so long occupied by the late Mr. H. Hine. As a water-colour artist, Mr. Thorne Waite may rest in peace, for it is not in this branch that he has reason to fear comparison with Mr. Aumonier; and in the collection of his drawings at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries (New Bond Street) the water-colours are in a sufficient majority to show Mr. Thorne Waite at his best. Among the line of hills which stretch along the southern coast of England, from the Kentish Downs, through Sussex and Hampshire, until the chalk is again struck at Seaton and Lyme Regis, we follow him with no reluctance, for he reveals many of the beauties of those uplands as they glisten in the sunshine, or grow pale under the rain-cloud, which we might pass without notice. Mr. Thorne Waite has essentially an eye for landscape scenery, and he is not afraid to give in his picture a wide sweep of sky and land. He is never so successful as when painting Sussex scenes, and he seems to have become so thoroughly imbued with the local colouring of the long ridge of chalk downs from Lewes to Chichester that insensibly he transfers local effects to other districts. That, at least, is the feeling produced upon us.

On Friday night, at his residence, Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch gave the second of his present series of concerts, consisting of masterpieces from older music, played, as alone they should be played, upon the instruments for which they were composed. Two beautiful Bach suites for the clavi-chord were given, and a lovely composition by Ariosti for harpsichord and viola, involving a special method of tuning the viola, which was played by Mr. Dolmetsch with every possible significance and charm. The most beautiful selection of the evening, however, was the dialogue from Purcell's "King Arthur," the noble work which was edited by Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland for the Birmingham Festival. For some mysterious reason or other, Herr Richter omitted this dialogue on that occasion, and Mr. Dolmetsch, finding the accompaniments arranged for the Festival not to his liking, played those which he himself had arranged from the sources at his disposal. Nothing could have been more successful. Miss Carr Shaw sang the soprano part, the accompaniment being on the harpsichord and viol da jamba. It seems incredible that music so glorious should be allowed to lapse and sink into oblivion; and Mr. Dolmetsch is doing an excellent work in creating a new enthusiasm for it.

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"WHEN THE SAP STIRS."

BY J. A. OWEN.

When the sap is stirring some of our birds are thinking of mating. Hedge-sparrows began to build in February, and they are now in full song. A friend of mine told me that one of these birds, which nested in his garden two years in succession, had each year two mates and two nests; he brought his little hen birds up to the kitchen-door daily for scraps. The robins have left the neighbourhood of our homes and taken to the woods again, a brighter red showing on their breasts.

Peewits were in their nesting-places early this month. It is to be hoped that these interesting birds will have a little more protection afforded to them than they have hitherto had, as their numbers are lessening yearly. Opinion is divided as to whether the plovers or the eggs require most consideration. Those who know their habits best aver that the former can take care of themselves thoroughly well, whereas the eggs are much too keenly sought after.

At a meeting of the Society for the Protection of Birds which was lately held, our thoughts recurred to the records of the past in connection with this subject, and in spite of the pessimistic utterances of many bird-lovers, we feel we have made great strides in the right direction.

William Howitt has told how, in his boyhood in Derbyshire, he used to get away on summer evenings with the village boys, who, with a ladder, visited the eaves of every cottage and even of the church, for sparrows' nests. The eggs, nestlings, and even old birds, which they sometimes caught in the nests, were sold by them, according to an old parish custom, to the overseer of the poor. They received a penny for every three eggs, and for every two young birds, and the same for the head of an old bird; for a harmless hedgehog they got fourpence, and a shilling for a weasel, because these were supposed to work great havoc on the farms. The lads found it a paying joke to watch this parish officer, after selling him a lot of sparrows and their eggs; for he was at times, presumably under pressure of parochial duties, wont to throw the birds' heads into the streets. These they would pick up and sell over again. Some lads, too, trading on the ignorance of the

overseer, would put amongst them, and get payment for, the heads of hedge-sparrows, buntings, and larks, for which the parish allowed nothing.

In those days a little lad of seven, in a blue smock frock, a bag at his side, and a wooden clapper in his hand, would be sent to wade up and down the long damp furrows, alone all day long, on raw foggy days in early spring, sounding his clapper for a time, and anon piping out his little song—

We've ploughed our land, we've sown our seed,
We've made all neat and gay;
So take a bit and leave a bit,
Away, birds, away!

Sparrows, like the poor, we have always with us, and we have little respect or consideration for them. Yet the services they render are enormous. The parents feed their young, on an average, thirty-six times an hour. We should welcome them about our rose-bushes, because of the aphides which infest them, and which the sparrow devours. In the month of May they work hard in keeping down the cockchafers, which are destructive to foliage. In the hay-fields they hunt for brown beetles; hay-chaffers these are called. Insect life in all its stages the sparrow seeks out eagerly. And if the sparrows help to keep grubs and insects from the growing blades, why grudge them the seeds of corn that have fallen out of the full ears upon the soil below?

The farmers' sparrow clubs, of which we heard little for a time, are being revived, the farmers giving so much a dozen or bunch for the birds; the birds are caught by thousands, too, for the sparrow-shooters.

That their numbers should be thinned down a little seems advisable, breeding so frequently as they do, but the more humane way to do this is to pull down their nests before the eggs are laid. There is little fear of their extinction, since numbers breed where the nests cannot be got at.

With the sparrow as an enemy the bright chaffinch used to be classed by Northern gardeners.

The spink and the sparrow
Are the devil's bow and arrow

was a saying of theirs. He is very much in evidence just

now, flitting from one tree to another, and twinkling ahead of us down the country lanes. "Gai, comme pinson" say the French.

The end of February: during those soft mild days when life is stirring everywhere—and before the rude rough winds of March have driven hawks, owls, and jackdaws to seek shelter in old disused quarries or in the sides of chalk hills where lime has been once burned—the joyous song of the skylark delights us. But unless certain gourmands, for whom as many as 10,000 dead larks have arrived on the same day at one large poulterer's shop, where they were hung in long strings and announced as "10,000 larks, special order," do not deny themselves of this tiny luxury (*sic*) in fifty years, it has been reckoned that our lark, whom poets have delighted to honour, the bird who was chosen as the national emblem of Gaul, and after whom one of Julius Caesar's famous legions was named, will be extinct in our country.

The crops on the Continent, except in Switzerland, and perhaps now in Germany, suffer frightfully from insect plagues, because the small birds are considered as legitimate food by the short-sighted and poorer classes. They fail to see the loss entailed in the failure of vaster and more important food-supplies, through the ranks of these unpaid field labourers being thinned.

Larks, rooks, starlings, and other home-bred birds devour wireworms, grubs, and various larvæ when these are hidden in the short winter pastures, and when they are in the stage in which they are most greedy of nourishment; so that the tender shoots of the growing grass suffer incredibly where birds are not encouraged. Yet a good authority declares that not a tenth part of the skylarks that used to frequent the Midland pastures are to be met with now.

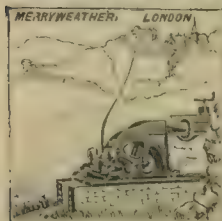
It has been stated by one of the friends of the blithe skylarks that the song of one of these little birds in a given area will carry further than the sound from a choir composed of a hundred human voices. How beautifully Mr. William Watson has written of this singer "at heaven's gate"—

My heart is dashed with hopes and fears,
My song comes fluttering and is gone!
Oh, high above this home of tears,
Eternal joy, sing on!

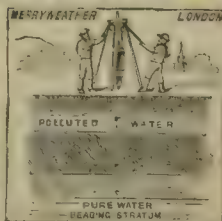


That is to say, gently but firmly
refuse all Imitations of
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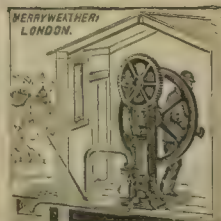
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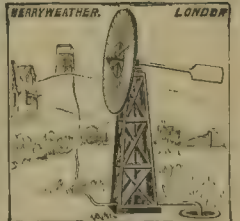
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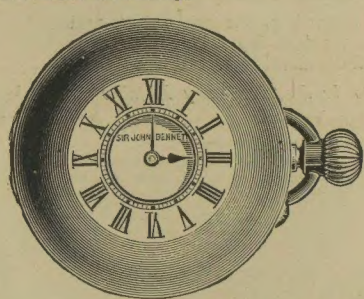
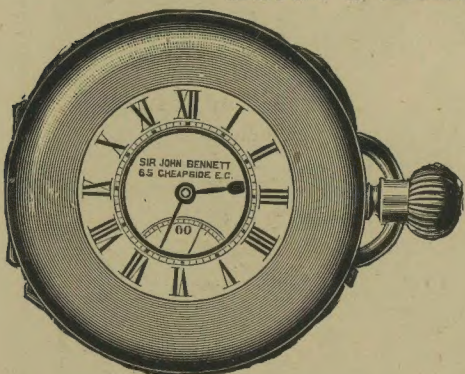
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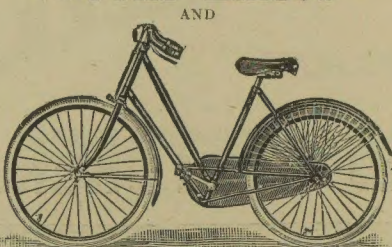
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THE SIXTEENTH MAN.

The compartment was already full when the impatient Circle train stopped momentarily at Aldersgate Street Station, the engine panting and snorting with indignation at being kept, if only for a brief space, from the rare atmosphere of the underground tunnels. The ten passengers already in the compartment watched the inrush of people with resentment: a gentleman in the corner seat said fiercely that he would like to pull a director's nose. Five men struggled into the compartment and stood up, holding the edge of the hat-rack; the train gave a jerk, and the door was on the point of swinging to, when a tall weedy man, with a brown, business-like hand-bag and a parcel containing a new zither, stepped in.

"Room for a little one, I hope, gentlemen?" he said ingratiatingly.

The door was slammed to and caught the tails of his coat. He did not complain of this; he only beamed in a deferential way upon the two seated passengers on either side of him, who had been compelled by reason of his presence to give up reading their newspapers.

"Great number of people travel by the Underground, Sir," he said cheerfully. "Makes you wonder where in the world they all come from. Very different from the old

coaching days." His neighbour with the *Globe* scowled up at him and did not answer. "I often think that if our forefathers could only come back——"

The *Globe* man said with some asperity that if they did come back he hoped to goodness they would not endeavour to come into that compartment. The train gave a lurch, and the six upstanding passengers staggered.

"Reminds one," said the Sixteenth Man, pursuing his endeavours to promote harmony, "of the time I went over to the Isle of Man. Ever been to the Isle of Man, Sir?"

A negative grunt.

"Wonderful place for its size, Sir. You've read 'The Christian,' I suppose?"

The *Globe* man had not read "The Christian." He further remarked that he did not want to. The man on the other side with a *Pall Mall*, being appealed to by the Sixteenth Man, said that he had read the book, and added in a mystic way, "Never no more!" The train stopped at Farringdon Street, and when the crowd assailed it they were gallantly repulsed by the force in possession. The Sixteenth Man appeared not to be of the stuff with which warriors are made, for when an excited member of the raiding forces opened the door and pulled at his coat in order to drag him out and make room for one, he was weakly giving way, but the *Globe* man and the *Pall Mall*

man stuck to him from some feeling of *esprit de corps*, and they managed as the train started to haul most of him back into the carriage.

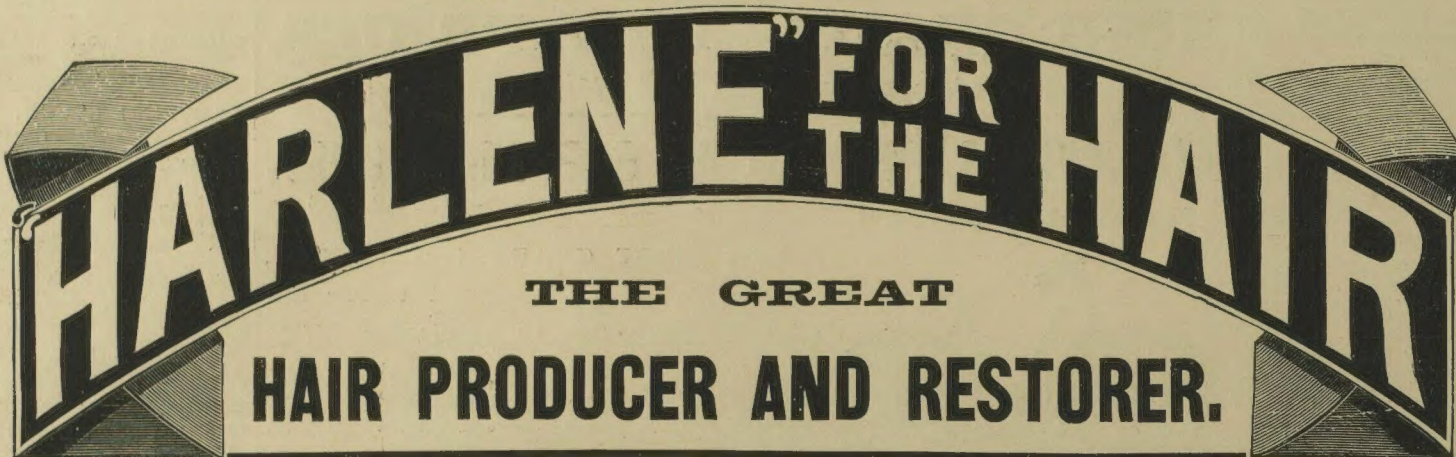
"Thanks very much," he said, holding his small bag between his knees and putting his tie straight. "You know," he added, with a weak attempt to show fierceness, "You know that man's no gentleman. If he had been a gentleman I should most certainly have asked him for his card, I should really! A man mustn't allow himself to be pulled about with impunity, otherwise we may as well go back to early barbarism at once and have done with it. I wish now," added the Sixteenth Man, "I wish now I had asked him for his card."

The *Pall Mall* man asked of what use a card would have been.

"Well," said the mild passenger, rather taken aback at this, "it would have taught him a lesson at any rate." He drew a long breath. "The boulder!" he ejaculated. Then he added with some hurry: "You must excuse me, gentlemen, if I've gone too far in my language. I apologise. I'm very sorry that I so far forgot myself as to use a word which had better—far better—have been left unsaid. I was a little heated, and the expression slipped out before——"

The *Globe* man said handsomely that much as he

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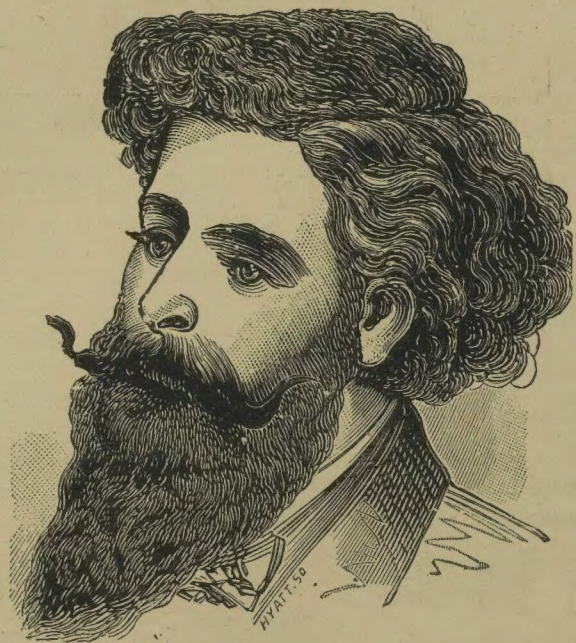
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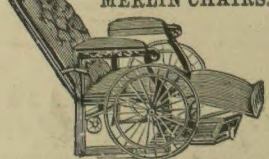
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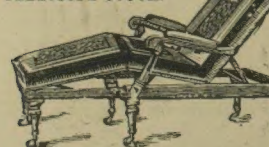
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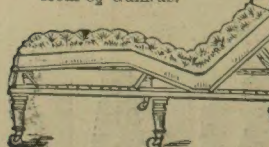
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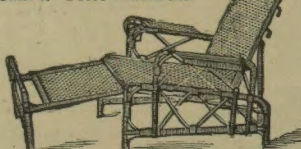


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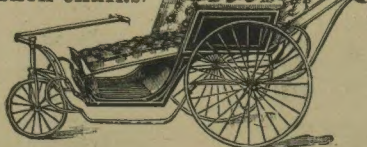
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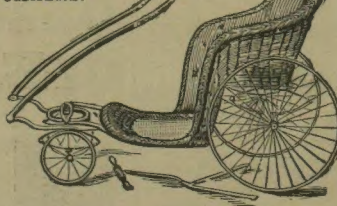
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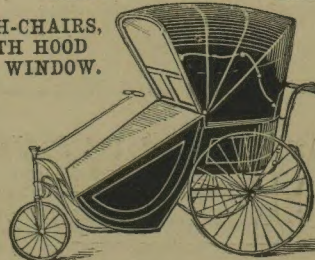
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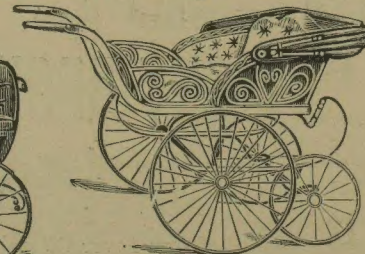
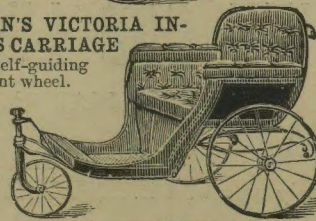
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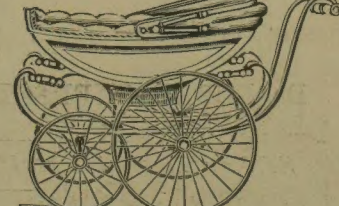
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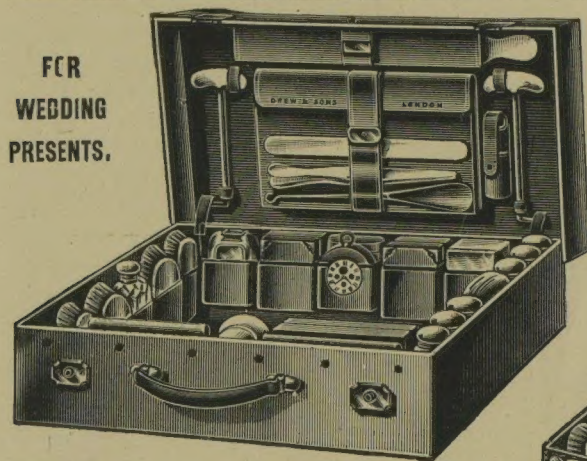
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MEAT AND FRUIT LOZENGES
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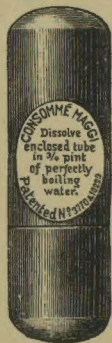
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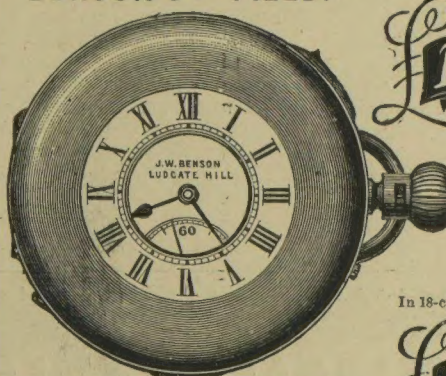
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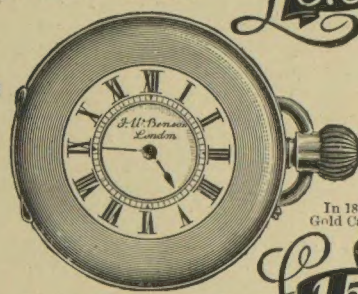
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ENGLISH KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETER—Best London Make. Breguet Sprung and Adjusted to Prevent Variation. In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, massive 18-ct. Gold Cases, £25; or in Silver Cases, £15.

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Made in both Chain and Chainless Models, same quality of Material and Workmanship, different in Mechanism only.

THE CHAINLESS MODEL

is built to stand hard usage, has been subjected to the severest tests ever known, and comes out triumphant, is without doubt the Best Machine ever produced, irrespective of price.

NO NOISE, TROUBLE, FRICTION, or RISK.

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retains its old reputation as being absolutely the Best of its kind, its only Superior being the COLUMBIA CHAINLESS.

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Illustrated Catalogues, showing both Models, free from

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All Grades.

Best Leads.

Black Lead 1d. and 2d.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE.

SAMPLE BOX OF 5 PENCILS 1/- FREE BY POST IN THE U.K.

BLAISDELL PENCILS LIMITED, 46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.



"MACGREGOR'S"

Famous Old Scotch
WHISKY.

"The Spirit of the Age."

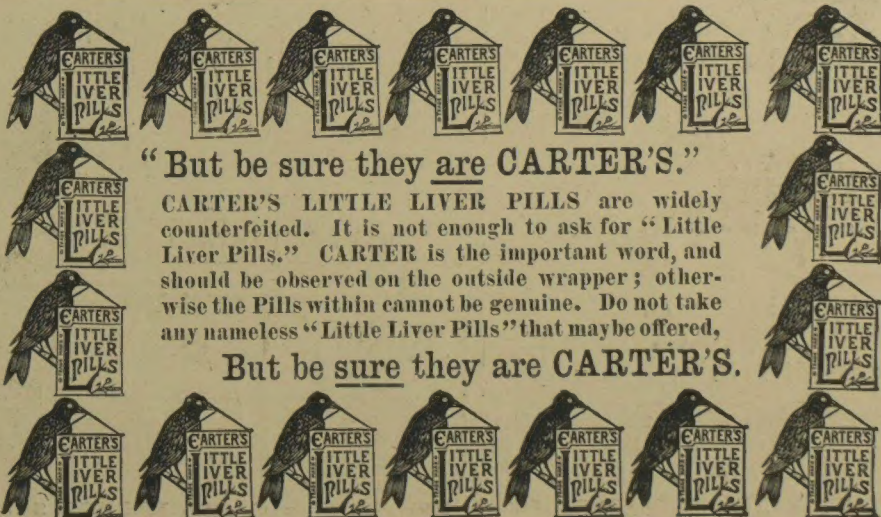
SCOTCHMEN (and who are better judges of good Whisky?) have for the past forty years appreciated Macgregor's blends, so the proprietors have decided to further extend their operations in England, and invite the English Public to send a trial order.

PALATABLE. PURE. PERFECT.

FAMOUS OLD SCOTCH, 39/- per doz. SPECIAL LIQUEUR, 48/- per doz.

Net Cash. Carriage Paid.

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"But be sure they are CARTER'S."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are widely counterfeited. It is not enough to ask for "Little Liver Pills." CARTER is the important word, and should be observed on the outside wrapper; otherwise the Pills within cannot be genuine. Do not take any nameless "Little Liver Pills" that maybe offered,

But be sure they are CARTER'S.

objected to the use of coarse language, the occasion might well be looked upon as furnishing an excuse.

"It shan't happen again, Sir," said the Sixteenth Man fervently; "that I can promise you. It's very seldom indeed that I rap out a remark like that, and—"

The train pulled up at King's Cross. Nobody in the compartment desired to get out, and a working man who was one of the standing-up passengers, disappointed at this, asked despairingly if none of them hadn't got no blooming homes.

"I shall be getting out at Gower Street," said the Sixteenth Man genially. "Then you gentlemen will have more room. Worst of Camden Town is, it's such a long way off from everywhere. On the other hand"—he seemed to hasten to remove any impression of grumbling—"you get a certain rareness of atmosphere at Camden Town that can't very well be beaten. I tell my landlady sometimes it's more like Scotland than anything else."

The *Globe* man, choking exhaustedly as the dark brown smoke from the tunnel rolled into the compartment, said that he could do with a bit of Scotland.

"I'm very comfortable," said the Sixteenth Man placidly, "in my rooms, and that's one reason why I've never gone in for matrimony. The cooking's good; sitting-room looks out at the back; I'm within easy walking distance of the Zoo."

The *Pall Mall* man remarked that it was as well to be near one's friends.

"And, altogether, there's very little to grumble at. I was a bit upset this morning though, I must confess, when I found the maid had borrowed my five-guinea zither—I've had to buy a new one to-day—had borrowed my zither to grill some rashers of ham on for one of the other paying guests."

The *Globe* man, opening the door for him as the train stopped at what by the black smoke he knew

to be Gower Street, asked curiously what the Sixteenth Man had done to express his annoyance on the occasion referred to.

"I didn't exactly do anything," said the Sixteenth Man, turning with a patient air to step out backwards; "but she could tell I didn't half like it by the way I wished her a happy new year!"

A scientific exploring party, sent on an expedition to Torres Straits, New Guinea, and Borneo, under the auspices of the University of Cambridge, sailed last week from the Thames in one of the British India Navigation Company's steam-ships. Dr. A. Haddon, Professor of Zoology at Dublin, is at the head of this party, which includes Dr. W. M'Dougall, Dr. C. S. Myers, Mr. S. H. Ray, Dr. Rivers, Dr. C. Seligmann, and Mr. A. Wilkin. They will be away from England fifteen months.

DEATH.

On March 7, at her residence, Maidstone, Jane Seaton, in her eighty-first year. Friends please accept this, the only intimation.

LYCEUM.—THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, Thursday and Friday Nights and next Monday and Tuesday, at 8; also **MATINEE** Wednesday and Saturday, at 2. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, WALTER CO and THE BELLS. Every Wednesday and Saturday Night, at 8. Henry Irving.—Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) 10 to 5, and 7.30 to 10. Seats booked by letter or telegram.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, W.—Brilliant New Burlesque, "JULIUS TREE SIR," Nightly at 8, and Matinees, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, at 3. General Manager, Mr. LAWRENCE BROUGH.

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NEW NOVEL BY JOHN BICKERDYKE, Author of "Daughters of Thespis," **HER WILD OATS:** A Story of the Stage, and Thames Life. London: T. BURLINGTON, 370, Oxford Street, W.

MEANS for Destroying Superfluous Hair from Face or Hands, by post, is 3s. 8d. When hair is coarse the German process should be used, price 42s. When the hair is strong, electric apparatus, 35s. When hair has been tampered with, cauterising, 10s. 6d. Sent by post. Letters invited; stamped envelope for reply.—ALEX. ROSS, 62, Theobalds Road, Holborn, London.

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Write for New Season List of JUNO Cycles and Cycle Sundries; sent Post Free. **JUNO DIAMONDS** from £10. 16s. 8d. monthly; **JUNO Lady and Gent Saddles**, £12 12s., 21s. monthly; £14 14s., 24s. 6d. monthly. Junos to any part of the United Kingdom on terms of 12 equal monthly payments. Metropolitan Machine Co., Ltd., 70, & 78, Holbopgate (Criterion), London, W. Our Cycle Riding-School, 1700 feet, now open.



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Fruits in a Few Months From Seed.

Some berries will be white, some black and others red, and some of the plants runnerless. Perfectly hardy in any garden and bear continually from May to Nov. Greatly superior in flavor to other sorts. Fruits will in pots summer or winter. Plants from seed sown now will fruit freely all the coming summer and fall. One plant has yielded a pint of berries at one picking as late as November.

For One Shilling we will send postpaid a packet of this Strawberry seed and our great Catalogue of New Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and Fruits, 100 pages, 12 large Colored Plates.

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are absolute, and must be obeyed, or serious consequences ensue. Every ill has its true natural remedy.

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is the true, natural remedy for Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, and all disorders of the Liver, Stomach, and Kidneys.

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Of all Chemists, 1/12 and 2/9.

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FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

Before using any other preparation, apply for free sample.

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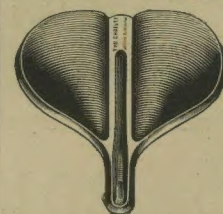
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